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A VISION.—THE SPIRIT OF SONG.

My brow was feverish, and my spirit sad
 With wild conflicting thoughts—for love unkind
 Had staid the bursting of affection glad,
 And left its impress on the heart and mind.
 There lived no interest in the world for me ;
 I sought the rock (for passion's gush was o'er)
 Where high the moon was beaming on the sea,
 And wild the waves came dashing to the shore—
 The old familiar rock which oft has heard
 The fitful outbreaks of my wild despair,
 When Nature sigh'd responsive—and the bird
 Hushed its glad notes, and trembled in the air.
 The eve was lovely—bright was every star
 That shower'd its radiance on the leafy trees :
 The verdant hills were gleaming from afar,
 And scarce a blossom trembled in the breeze.
 All things were peaceful, save the rushing tide ;
 And all seem'd happy as I gaz'd around ;
 Yet, memory has its sting ! I inly cried,
 And sobbing lay upon the dewy ground.
 A change came o'er me—and I no more wept :
 Grief for a while had lost its stern control,
 And as the heavy-hearted sleep, I slept—
 While rapturous visions glided thro' my soul !
 A creature gentle as the summer air,
 Mild and most lovely, stood before my sight !
 A snowy wreath was sleeping in her hair,
 And robed was she in purest, simplest white.
 Her hair, her strange, bright hair, that softly rolled
 In graceful ringlets to the slight waist down—
 Did in the sunshine flash like threads of "gold,"
 "And deepened in the shadow" richly "brown."
 Her eyes were brilliant, ever changing, too ;
 Dark when in passion, like the clouds of night—
 While love could make them beautifully blue,
 And fill them with a soft and tender light.
 The long brown lashes sweeps her varied cheek,
 And gloomed her eyes as still she gazed on me ;
 Her sweet lips parted and she thus did speak
 In tones like music o'er the gleaming sea.

"Mortal, thy voice of anguish
 Has brought me to thy side ;
 I could not see thee languish,
 I crossed the foaming tide—
 I left my throne of glory,
 In yonder crimson sky,
 To listen to thy story,
 And hush thy wailing cry !
 The flowers that blushed around me,
 The threaded pearls of light,
 The shining zone that bound me,
 I give to thee to-night ;
 The sweet lute of the Spirit,
 The laurel-crown of fame,
 All these thou shalt inherit—
 And I shall write thy name
 (About my throne) and merit,
 In characters of flame !

"Delightful, blissful numbers
 Shall unto thee be given ;
 I'll bless thy peaceful slumbers,
 And lead thy thoughts to heaven.
 The flowers of earth all blooming,
 Shall pale and blush for thee :
 And not a shadow glooming
 Upon thy brow shall be !
 Tho' friends have all departed,
 And love has pierced thee deep ;
 Tho' thou art broken hearted,
 Save when in quiet sleep ;
 These lowering clouds, oh, mortal !
 Will quickly roll away,
 And thro' the sky's blue portal,
 Will stream the light of day !
 For I, the muses' Daughter,
 Thy love shall henceforth be :
 And thy lute o'er the water
 Shall send its strains to me ;
 For I, now bending o'er thee,
 The Spirit am of Song !
 And all that's bright before me,
 Shall unto thee belong !
 And thou thy lute-strings tuning
 Shall banish sorrow's tone,

Shall hold with me communing,
 And love but me alone !
 And I in heaven shall weave thee
 A crown of laurels fair,
 Until I do receive thee,
 To dwell forever there !"

I started up to bless the gentle one,
 And press her lily hand within mine own ;
 But she was gone ! the Seraph form of light
 Had vanish'd in the darkness of the night.
 The long bright hair which swept my brow in sleep,
 One curl of which were worth the world to keep,
 No more I saw—nor those stange lovely eyes,
 That looked like glimpses of the summer skies.
 The stars were out, the moon had gone to rest,
 And zephyrs gently stirred the water's breast ;
 My heart was melted, and I wept such tears,
 As had not dewed my cheek since childhood's years ;
 By the sea shore I knelt, and there did pray,
 That this fair vision might not pass away.
 I knew the gift did unto me belong,
 And that I was a chosen child of Song ;
 I knew the angel that bent over me
 Would henceforth rule my life and destiny ;
 For the sweet lute she gave ere we did part,
 E'en now its echoes wild chill'd this my heart !

So now it is—when grief would clasp
 With icy hand this heart of mine—
 There comes a voice—"Let go thy grasp,
 For what I love is none of thine !"
 "And then I see her 'nameless grace,'
 Her sweet eyes floating in their light,
 The heart's high heaven in her face ;"
 Her voice like music sounds by night,
 The snowy flowers are in her hair,
 The pearls and jewels at her feet,
 Her breath is like the fragrant air,
 He smiles like rosy morning sweet.
 Whenever then her smiles are given,
 And constant are her smiles for me,
 All things beneath the stars of heaven
 "Are beautiful as Araby !"
 Oh ! who would grieve for earthly love,
 Or who would unto such belong—
 When he could dwell in heaven above,
 The chosen of the *Soul of Song* !

C. S.

LAST DAYS OF THE PLANTAGENETS.

RICHARD I., CŒUR DE LION.

Oh ! well did he become the lion's robe
 That did unrobe the lion of that robe !
 So gnaws the grief of conscience evermore,
 And in the heart it is so deep ygrave,
 That they may neither sleep nor rest therefore,
 Ne think one thought but on the dread they have !
 Still to the death foretossed to the wave
 Of restless woe ———

SACKVILLE.

King Richard sat down before the walls of Chaluz ; the deepest resentment was rankling at his heart, the most settled determination was visible on his stern countenance. A vassal had dared to oppose himself against two of the strongest passions in the nature of *Cœur de Lion*, and was now about to suffer the consequences of his temerity. The Viscomte de Limoges, a nobleman of Aquitaine, had discovered on his estate a valuable treasure, and Richard, as his liege lord, demanded that it should be given up. The Viscomte stipulated for half, and refused to give up more ; but the king, whose avarice marred better qualities, resolved upon having the whole, and marched into the Limousin to exact it. Sore beset and reduced to the greatest straits, De Limoges at length offered to surrender, provided the lives of the garrison should be spared. But his resistance had roused the anger of the warrior monarch who, having astonished the world by his prowess in Palestine, and having abased the pride of Philip of France, could ill brook the insolent obstinacy of one who was little more than the lord of a poor castle.

"No," exclaimed the irate king, "no terms, no quarter, no mercy to the rebel ! What ! He refuses to give up to his master what is rightfully due, he brings fire and sword into the dwellings of peace, and then has the audacity to stipulate for exemption from the consequences which he has justly drawn on his own head ! Herald," said he turning to the official who waited his pleasure, "tell the slave I make no terms with him ; I will carry this castle by assault, and will hang upon the battlements the rebellious vassal and every man within its walls."

The herald withdrew, and Richard sat musing a while within his tent. Suddenly he rose and exclaimed, "What ho, there ! Who waits ?"

Two knights, in attendance without, immediately appeared, to whom he said with eager tone, "Seek out Marchadée, send him hither immediately. By the Holy Sepulchre," said he, crossing himself, "there shall be no more delay; I have trifled too long with this worm."

Marchadée was the leader of a band of Brabant mercenaries whom Richard had taken into his pay during his recent wars with France; he was stern, inflexible, unforgiving, and rapacious: a fit leader of robber soldiers, a fit minister of vengeance, which, from the blood-thirsty nature of his soul, he was ever more likely to stretch beyond than to keep short of its limits. Like his present master he too had become irritated at a protracted siege which thereby postponed his desire of plunder; and oft had he wished, but dared not propose to the lion-hearted king, to storm the castle of Chaluz, and terminate the present expectation. He hastened to obey the summons of the monarch, and glad was he to hear the deep voice of the indignant Richard as he cried:

"Get thee to horse, Marchadée; by the Holy Sepulchre, those walls have stood too long. Come with me to settle a plan of assault; for the insolent Limoges shall cumber the earth no longer."

Did no secret whisperings convey to the soldier king,—who, with all the valour for which he was so largely distinguished, was yet strongly tainted with superstition—did no recollections flit across his spirit, of the prophecy at that time commonly known in Normandy, that "In Limousin the arrow would be found which would rid the country of its tyrant?" He—who besides his passion for arms was also a poet, and a troubadour, he—who mastered all the popular ballads and virelays of the time, was he unaware of this? Perhaps not, but tyrants do not acknowledge the term as applied to themselves; powerful and successful princes are not remarkable for the moderation of their demands; and they are always moved with just anger against the opposition of their inferiors. King Richard was too greatly in the last mood to be in recollection of old saws and popular prophecies. Yet the saying was a true one, and the fiat had gone forth.

With keen and scrutinizing glance rode Richard and Marchadée round the precincts of those devoted towers, marking the strength of one part, the comparative exposure of another; their experienced judgment aiding their fierce desires, and employing their thoughts in planning an attack. The plan is completed, the castle is by anticipation in ruins, the treasure secured, the revenge consummated, the booty secured; nothing remains but to put the measure in force, and they rein up their steeds to return. Fatal haste, misguided eagerness! Their passions had betrayed them, by leading them too near their enemy;—an eye was upon them, which, in their impetuosity, they dreamed not of. It was the eye of that fatal marksman, who possessed the *Limousin arrow* of the ballad.

Bertrand de Gourdon was but a youth; he had been trained up in all that bitter dislike of the Normans and Anglo-Normans, which was common to the Aquitainians of the period, he had likewise peculiar reasons for his hatred against *Cœur de Lion*, and it was with exulting emotions that he saw the enemy of his family and of his country within his power. He was on the ramparts, the king was within the range of the grey goose shaft which few could guide more skilfully than he. He fits it on the string, he raises his fatal arm, he subdues the quivering emotions which might have caused its failure, by a fervent prayer to Heaven to speed it prosperously against a tyrant; the bow-string twangs, the arrow hisses through the air, and—*Richard Cœur de Lion falls*.

Marchadée immediately raised up his royal master, and got him beyond the reach of the enemy's missiles; upon examination the wound, which was in the shoulder, was not considered dangerous, and therefore it seemed only to irritate the king yet more, and make him urge the immediate execution of the project. "Lose not an hour, Marchadée," said he, "lead on the troops as we have directed; and stop not your hand while one man remains alive in that accursed hornet's nest except the archer whose arrow has now reached me. Save him alive, and let him be brought before me; as for the rest, by the Holy Sepulchre, their doom is sealed, and for them there is no mercy."

The mercenary leader obeyed but too well. War, with all the horrors of the age was let loose on those unhappy Limousins; nor sex nor age escaped the sufferings of a beleaguered people; of the men not one was left alive, save young De Gourdon; of the women, many a one would have preferred death to the evils which befel them; and the treasure—the original cause of the dispute—was recovered, and the booty was almost sufficient to satisfy even a leader of Brabant free lances. With these, carefully brought into the camp of the victor, the youthful archer is likewise conducted, and set before the king.

On a couch, by his tent, pale, and writhing with pain, reclined—or rather struggled—the conqueror king. Enraged at a blow from so ignoble an enemy, at first he had had tortures and punishments in contemplation for the offender, but as the day wore on, and the festering wound by the arrow head, which ignorant physicians had increased, led him to believe that he had received his death-stroke, projected vengeance moderated, and he determined to remonstrate with the prisoner before he should pronounce doom upon him.

With stern unblenching aspect the prisoner was set before the suffering Richard. Pale he was, but firm; audacity there was none, neither was there triumph in the expression of his countenance; but calm as one who has performed a duty and is careless of consequences. The king eyed him from head to foot, and paused a while before he addressed the youth. Richard, who had been a soldier from his boyhood, who was himself the bravest of the brave, and the frankest of the free, was struck with the unpresuming manliness of the young man's carriage; he gazed on him again and again, his heart softened towards his fatal enemy, the harsh denunciations which the revengeful monarch had intended to pour upon his victim died away without utterance, and in tones as gentle as *Richard's* utter, he demanded,

"Youth, what is thy name?"

"Bertrand de Gourdon is my name, Sir King, a native of the Limousin, and iegendary to my lord of Limoges."

"Ha! Thou savest me words. Knowest thou not, then, that both thou, and thy lord, are vassals unto me,—knowest thou not that—"

"Lord King," replied the youth, "I do my devoir to my lord, and cannot reply farther thereon."

"Thou doest it manfully, no doubt," returned the king, faintly smiling, partly in contempt of the youthful appearance, partly in admiration of the noble bearing, of the young man. "Yet has it been reported to me, that against me, me, thy king and the king of thy lord, thou hast had especial design, and that the flight of thy missile was accompanied by a prayer (here the king crossed himself devoutly) for my destruction. Speak, sirrah, are these things so?"

The young man was silent for a moment, as if revolving in his mind the nature of his reply. There was a momentary working on his countenance, yet nothing that betokened fear; the blood at length rushed into his cheeks, his brows were knit, his form became more erect and even dilated as he at length exclaimed,

"These things are so, king Richard; I sought thee, and I found thee; mine arrow thirsted for thee, and it found thee."

"Wretch!" exclaimed the insulted prince, "how have I injured thee, that thus thou hast singled me out, to take away my life!—How have I ever wronged thee? Speak!"

"Deep, deep, are the wrongs of me and mine, through thee, lord king," replied the youth. "By thine own hand have already fallen my sire and my two brethren; blood for blood, great king; yet that is not all. Hast thou not decreed ignoble death to all, to me amongst the rest, because we are true to our lord, and do him faithful service? That threat alone, inspired my soul and nerved my arm. The shaft has struck thee; if it but rid the world of a fell tyrant I am content. Come torture, come cruelty, come death! Ye cannot bereave me of my honour,—nor of my revenge."

"Seize him, away with him!" cried the infuriated king. The youth turned his eyes upon him with a disdainful glance; Richard sank back on his couch, and with altered tone and gesture, he said, "Stay, stay.—Young man, I forgive thee; thou has done boldly, truly, faithfully." He paused, then added, "thou shalt be free. Loose him," said he to the attendants, "take off his chains; reward him as a faithful soldier and a frank-spoken youth. Give him a hundred shillings, and let him depart in honour. Marchadée see you to that."

"I will my liege," said the fierce Brabanter with a significant look, "I'll take care that he shall have his rewards."

Richard grew sensibly worse; his wound had been badly treated, his case was given up, and he himself became aware of it. We have it upon record that the last hours of the *Cœur de Lion* were those of anguish and contrition; this could only be the result of that retrospect of a past life which views events and transactions beyond the varnish and false glitter which covers them during active life; and much indeed had this prince to reckon for, much in which contrition should be mixed with anguish of soul. Let us carry our thoughts back to his early days; it may be that we shall find our reflections to be in the same train as his, for their first pause will be at the Abbey of Fontevraud.

Why does the first flight of retrospection in the mind of the Lion-hearted King wing its way to Fontevraud? Because there was the spot in which the first gush of his better feelings found its way, and there his reckless soul was first wrung with remorse. What sees he there to shake his stalwart frame with such strong agony? It is the lifeless body of a pale old man—one prematurely old—whose features, even in death are not composed and placid; traces of anguish and despair are there, which in the mortal hour did not relax, but stood imprinted on the lineaments, stamped and perpetuated marks of grief, brought by unfilial rebellion. It is ten years since Richard viewed that scene in all the vivid clearness now before him; it pierces his heart, it calls up years of sin, of obdurate defiance against his royal father, of wicked incendiarism suggested by an unprincipled mother, headlong and treacherous brethren, and a false and hollow friend. That look, in death,—it reproaches him with early liberality ill-requited; it causes him to look into himself even from his days of boyhood; and the first glance reveals to him that which makes his affrighted soul to shrink with terror. Whilst but a youth of fifteen years of age his generous father had invested him with the dominions of Aquitaine and Poitou:—fatal gift! It threw power into the hands of a wilful boy, who used it against the donor until he broke both the fortunes and the heart of his confiding parent; and now, by righteous retribution, those very territories which had enabled him to commemorate his ingratitude are made the scene of his own premature death. He sees the hand of Providence in this, and the proud soul of the haughty warrior king is humbled; he kisses the rod—but he finds no comfort yet.

Again his thoughts take wing; his memory traces all his iniquitous course, and yet, while the wounds of his father bleed afresh as he views them, he cannot persuade himself to hate his mother who induced them. Why is this? It is the result of that mysterious affection which springs up between the mother and the child, which no after-conduct can wash away, which may become stronger by the virtues and good qualities of either, but which cannot be eradicated altogether even by vice or crime. It is imbibed by the child with the first nourishment of infancy and the thousand tender cares of which that period is hardly conscious, it is strengthened by the never-ceasing attentions of the mother to the ease, comfort, happiness and enjoyment of her offspring; the children love the mother because they perceive that they are beloved by her, and thus is the influence increased until in some cases its power is boundless. It was so with Richard and his mother Eleanor. Besides all these finer ties of affection there was one more; the very territories assigned to him were those which were in right of his mother. She, notwithstanding all her faults and

crimes—and these were not a few—was beloved by her subjects to idolatry; they made it a point of honour and chivalry to sustain her, they enabled her to make head against Henry, whom sooth to say they did *not* love, and thus were vice, ambition, and power combined, to distort the heart and feelings in one whose after-life shewed him capable of noble sentiments, though abused, and almost rooted out, by evil management and dangerous position.

There is not a more decided tool to an artful designer, than a person of an impetuous disposition yet with honourable principles. Easily exasperated into specific promises or threats he becomes involved in responsibilities which he feels bound to make good. Such a person was Richard Cœur de Lion: he committed the *first false step*, and his impetuosity and fear of shame led him onward to many others. We will trace them, and shall find that, although there is much, very much, to condemn, there is something to be palliated, something to be pitied, and something to be admired in this wayward child of fortune.

The licentious Eleanor feeling herself curbed by the vigorous authority of King Henry, turned the tables upon him by reproaches on his infidelity. Those reproaches were in themselves too true, but the causes were countenanced by the manners of the times, and Queen Eleanor was the last woman in the world who could have the right to make them. She did make them, notwithstanding; she encouraged her eldest son, Henry, to an unnatural revolt, and shortly afterwards she absconded from the court, together with Richard and Geoffrey, two other sons, whose anger she had inflamed against their father. True, the infamous woman was soon afterwards taken, in man's attire, and consigned to imprisonment for many a year, but with regard to the young princes they had "passed the Rubicon," and imagined the step to be irretrievable.

But were the sense of error strong enough to breed repentance, the case of Richard in his early career of arms would have prevented him from retracing his steps. His men of Aquitaine were defeated again and again by the first king of Plantagenet, and Richard had the mortification to find that monstrous "Rebellion had ill-luck." Alas, that discomfiture should serve but to harden the headstrong and strengthen the pride of the haughty. The lion-hearted boy, although snatched from the evil influence of his mother, had fallen into those of a restless brawler, whose martial qualities covered those of a more mischievous nature. Bertrand de Born was a noted Aquitainain soldier and insurgent leader of those times; greatly attached to Eleanor, strongly opposed to Henry, and revelling in the life of a camp, he eagerly seized the opportunity to ingratiate himself with young Richard, and make him an instrument for the indulgence of *all* his feelings on this head. He therefore instilled more and more of the poison of disobedience into the ardent soul of the young prince, and encouraged with all his skill his martial propensities; but the beginnings of this alliance were unpropitious, and the losses they sustained against the Royal forces were such that Richard was under the mortifying necessity of suing for the forgiveness of his injured parent and king.

It is just to observe of this wrong-headed young man, that for many years after receiving the parental forgiveness he remained faithful to his promise of fidelity; and though in arms against his brothers, Henry and Geoffrey, yet he was fighting by the side of his father. The insidious Philip of France, who, throughout the greater part of Richard's life was a "rock a-head" of him, was the grand perverter of Cœur de Lion's better qualities, and led him to the final rebellion which broke the heart of the great Plantagenet. Throughout the juvenile days of Richard he seems to have had the evil fortune to fall among bad advisers; first, his wicked mother; secondly, the reckless Bertrand de Born, and thirdly, Philip of France, all of whom ministered to mischief in him, and consequently with all his faults there is some mitigation of his offences.

The miserable death of Prince Henry, and afterwards that of Prince Geoffrey, deprived the King of France of ready tools wherewith to annoy King Henry II., and he lost no time to ingratiate himself with Richard, who was now become the heir apparent. The French monarch invited him to court, treated him with the most marked attention and kindness, stimulated, with the cunning for which his character was distinguished, all the bad passions of Richard's nature, and finally again got the infatuated young man into arms against his too indulgent father. It was in the course of *this* rebellion that the unfortunate English king discovered that *all* his family were combined against him; when, broken-hearted, and cursing the day he was born, the career of the first great Plantagenet came to its conclusion.

But, execrably bad as the conduct of Richard had been to his living father, the fountains of his affection were not entirely broken up, his heart had not yet become callous. He hastened to Pontevrad; alas, too late to obtain the last forgiveness of the injured Henry, but time enough to pour forth the tears of contrition, and to breathe the bitter wailing of remorse. Can we imagine the language he would use, in thus giving vent to his anguish and regret? It is impossible, without feeling as guilty as he! A poetess,* whose strains will live to the end of time, has attempted it, and as nearly as her pure soul could touch those sentiments—she has given them words. They are as follows:

"He looked upon the dead,
And sorrow seemed to lie,
A weight of sorrow, even like lead,
Pale on the fast-shut eye.
He stooped—and kissed the frozen cheek,
And the heavy hand of clay,
Till bursting words—yet all too weak—
Gave his soul's passion way.
"Oh, father! is it vain,
This late remorse and deep?
Speak to me, father! once again,
I weep—behold, I weep!"

* Mrs. Felicia Hemans.

Alas! my guilty pride and ire!
Were but this work undone,
I would give England's crown, my sire!
To hear thee bless thy son.

"Speak to me! mighty grief
Ere now the dust hath stirred!
Hear me, but hear me!—father, chief,
My king! I *must* be heard!
—Hushed, hushed—how is it that I call,
And that thou answerest not?
When was it thus!—wo, wo for all
The love my soul forgot!"

"Thy silver hairs I see,
So still, so sadly bright!
And father, father! but for me,
They had not been so white!
I bore thee down, high heart! at last,
No longer couldst thou strive;—
Oh! for one moment of the past,
To kneel and say—'Forgive!'"

"Thou wert the noblest king,
On royal throne e'er seen;
And thou didst wear, in knightly ring,
Of all, the stateliest mien;
And thou didst prove, where spears are proved,
In war the bravest heart—
—Oh! ever the renowned and loved
Thou wert—and *there* thou art!"

"Thou that my boyhood's guide
Didst take fond joy to be!—
The times I've sported at thy side,
And climbed thy parent-knee!
And there before the blessed shrine,
My sire! I see thee lie,—
How will that sad still face of thine
Look on me till I die!"

It has been well observed that the fiercest fire is most quickly burnt out, and so it was with Richard. He was now a King, and in heart and soul a warrior. No longer with domestic enemies to contend against, and in close alliance with one who, ere long, would prove the most venomous reptile to assail him—the King of France—he was now all-anxious for the crusade to which he had for some time devoted himself. And where is the remote corner of the globe into which the fame of the Lion-hearted has not penetrated! Among the deeds of glory in Palestine, among deeds of chivalry every where, among the knightly in arms of all times, whose name stands now in the foremost roll! Even that of Richard Cœur de Lion! The fearful expression, the "Malic Ric," could silence the ill-temper of childhood, could check the progress of the midnight robber, could startle the traveller, could even awe the Saracen soldier. His courage, his strength, his perseverance, his example, were the admiration of the army, and the envy of his enemies—for Richard had his enemies, and bitter ones they were; occasioned partly by his overbearing pride and the impetuosity of his temper, and partly from dislike of the superiority he assumed and obtained in the Christian hosts.

He has been accused of avarice and rapacity; the latter may in some degree be imputed to him, but not the former. Like the arbitrary rulers of his day, he was altogether unscrupulous as to the means of raising money for the execution of a favourite project; and like the christian world of his day he held the persecution of the Jews to be a righteous act in the cause of christianity; hence he sold offices, he seized possessions, he persecuted the rich Israelites, and all for the *sacred* purpose of rescuing the holy Sepulchre. Such acts in our own time would not admit of either excuse or palliation, but they were permitted, if not sanctified, in the times here spoken of, and it is probable that they never troubled his conscience afterwards, nor even at the hour when memory seizes and holds tenaciously on all that the sufferer would most gladly forget.

Of his clemency the proofs are abundant; his conduct towards the ungrateful and cowardly John, his brother, is one, and that which has been recited of Bertrand de Gourdon, is another. But clemency is seldom separated from true courage, and therefore this characteristic of Cœur de Lion is matter of course.

The Lion-hearted King has surveyed his busy and chequered life; deep and sincere regrets have filled his soul as he remembered his own and his brothers' disobedience; love mingled with sorrow has agitated him as his mind recurred to his wretched mother, her evil advice, and her long imprisonment; contempt, but nought beyond, as he contemplated the base and pusillanimous John, his only surviving brother; but when he turned his thoughts to Philip of France; all other passions were absorbed in the resentment which he felt against that hollow-hearted, treacherous, and time-serving monarch. Towards him he died unforgiving, but his latest command was, "carry my bones to Pontevraud; let me rest at the feet of my princely father; would to heaven I had never lifted my hand against him!"

And Bertrand de Gourdon! Did Marchadée keep his promise with the deceased Richard? He did, *to the very letter*, but alas, not to the spirit of the command which the magnanimous Richard had intended. The youth received his hundred shillings, but his liberty was only granted through the gates of death, for the monster of Brabant caused him to be flayed alive, and then ignominiously hanged!

THE TRIALS OF A TEMPLAR.

A SKETCH OF THE CRUSADES.

The Lord is on my side; I will not fear what man doeth unto me.—Ps. 118, verse vi.
A summer day in Syria was rapidly drawing towards its close, as a handful of European cavalry, easily recognized by their flat-topped helmets, cumbrous hauberts, and chargers sheathed like their riders, in plate and mail, were toiling

their weary way through the deep sand of the desert, scorched almost to the heat of molten lead by the intolerable glare of an eastern sun. Insignificant in numbers, but high of heart, confident from repeated success, elated with enthusiastic valor, and the inspiring sense of a holy cause, they followed the guidance of their leader, one of the best and most tried lances of the Temple, careless whither, and secure of triumph; their steel armor glowing like burnished gold, their lance-heads flashing in the level rays of the setting orb, and the party-coloured banner of the Beauseant hanging motionless in the still atmosphere.

Before them lay an interminable waste of bare and dusty plain, broken into long swells succeeding each other in monotonous regularity, though occasionally varied by stunted patches of thorny shrubs and dwarf palm trees. As they wheeled round one of these thickets, their commander halted suddenly at the sight of some fifty horsemen, whose fluttering garb and turbaned brows, as well as the springy pace of their Arab steeds, proclaimed them natives of the soil, winding along the bottom of the valley beneath him, with the stealthy silence of prowling tigers. Although the enemy nearly trebled his own force in numerical power, without a moment's hesitation, Albert of Vermandois arrayed his little band, and before the infidels had even discovered his presence, much less drawn a blade, or concentrated their scattered line, the dreaded war-cry rung upon their ears—"Ha, Beauseant! For the temple! For the temple!" and down thundered the irresistible charge of the western crusaders on their unguarded flank. Not an instant did the Saracens withstand the brunt of the Norman lance; they broke away on all sides, leaving a score of their companions stretched to rise no more, on the bloody plain. Scarcely however had the victors checked their blown horses, or re-organized their phalanx disordered by the hot struggle, when the distant clang of cymbal, horn, and kettle-drum, mingled with the shrill *lelies* of the heathen sounding in every direction, announced that their march had been anticipated, their route beset, themselves surrounded. Hastily taking possession of the vantage-ground afforded by an abrupt hillock, and dismissing the lightest of his party to ride for life to the Christian camp, and demand immediate aid, Albert awaited the onset with the stern composure which springs from self-possession. A few minutes sufficed to show the Christians the extent of their embarrassment, and the imminence of their peril. Three heavy masses of cavalry were approaching them from as many different quarters, their gaudy turbans, gilded arms, and waving pennons of an hundred hues, blazing in marked contrast to the stern and martial simplicity of the iron soldiers of the west. To the quick eye of Albert it was instantly evident that their hope consisted in protracting the conflict till the arrival of succor, and even this hope was diminished by the unwonted velocity with which the Mahometans hurried to the attack. It seemed as if they also were aware that in order to conquer, they must conquer quickly; for, contrary to their usual mode of fighting, they charged resolutely upon the very lances of the motionless Christians, who, in a solid circle, opposed their mailed breasts in firm array to their volatile antagonists. Fiercely however as they charged, their lighter coursers recoiled before the bone and weight of the European war steeds. The lances of the Crusaders were shattered in the onset, but to the thrust of these succeeding the deadly sweep of the two-handed swords flashing above the scimitars of the infidel with the sway of some terrific engine. Time after time the eastern warriors rushed on, time after time they retreated, like the surf from some lonely rock on which it has wasted its thunders in vain. At length they changed their plan, and wheeling in rapid circles poured their arrows in, as fast, and for a time as fruitlessly, as the snow-storm of a December day. On they came again, right upon the point where Vermandois was posted, headed by a tall chieftain, distinguished no less by his gorgeous arms, than by his gallant bearing. Rising in his stirrups, when at a few paces distance, he hurled his long javelin full in the face of the Crusader. Bending his crest to the saddle-bow, as the dart passed harmlessly over him, Albert cast his massive battle axe in return; the tremendous missile hurtled past the chief at whom it was aimed, and smote his shield bearer to the earth, at the very moment when an arrow pierced the Templar's charger through the eyeball to the brain: the animal, frantic with the pain, bounded forward and rolled lifeless, bearing his rider with him to the ground; yet, even in that last struggle, the stern knight clove the turbaned leader down to the teeth before he fell. Five hundred horse dashed over him—his array was broken—his companions were hewn from their saddles, even before their commander was snatched from beneath the trampling hoofs, disarmed, fettered, and reserved for a doom to which the fate of his comrades had been a boon of mercy. Satisfied with their success, and aware that a few hours at the farthest must bring up the rescue from the Christian army, the Saracens retreated as rapidly as they had advanced; all night long they travelled with unabated speed towards their inaccessible fastnesses, in the recesses of their wild mountains. Arrived at their encampment, the prisoner was cast into a dungeon hewn from the living rock. Day after day rolled heavily on, and Albert lay in utter darkness, ignorant of his destiny, unvisited by any being except the swart and bearded savage who brought the daily pittance scarcely sufficient for the wants of his wretched existence.

Albert of Vermandois, a Burgundian youth of high nobility, and yet more exalted renown, had left his native land, stung almost to madness by the early death of her, to whom he had vowed his affections, and whose name he had already made "glorious by his sword," from the banks of the Danube, to the pillars of Hercules. He had bound the cross upon his breast, he had mortified all worldly desires, all earthly passions, beneath the strict rule of his order. While yet in the flush and pride of manhood—before a gray hair had streaked his dark locks, or a single line wrinkled his lofty brow—he had changed his nature, his very being; he had attained a height of dignity and fame, scarcely equalled by the best and oldest warriors of the temple. The vigor of his arm, the vast scope of his political foresight, no less than the unimpeached rigor of

his morals, had long rendered him a glory to his brotherhood, a cause of terror, and an engine of defeat to the Saracen lords of the Holy Land. Many a league had been formed to overpower, many a dark plot hatched to enveigle him; but so invariably had he borne down all odds in open warfare before his irresistible lance, so certainly had he hurled back all secret treasons with redoubled vengeance on the heads of the schemers, that he was almost deemed the possessor of some cabalistic spell, framed for the downfall and destruction of the sons of Islam.

Deep were the consultations of the infidel leaders concerning the destiny of their formidable captive. The slaughter actually wrought by his hand had been so fearful, the ravages produced among their armies by his policy so unbounded, that a large majority were in favour of his instant execution; nor could human ingenuity devise, or brute cruelty perform, more hellish methods of torture than were calmly discussed in that infuriate assembly.

It was late on the third day of his captivity, when the hinges of his dungeon grate creaked, and a broader glare streamed through the aperture than had hitherto disclosed the secrets of his prison-house. The red light streamed from a lamp in the grasp of a dark figure,—an Imaum, known by his high cap of lambskin, his loose black robes, his parchment cincture, figured with Arabic characters, and the long beard that flowed even below his girdle in unrestrained luxuriance. A negro, bearing food of a better quality, and the beverage abhorred by the prophet, the forbidden juice of the grape, followed; his ivory teeth, and the livid circles of his eyes glittering with a ghastly whiteness in the clear lamp-light. He arranged the unaccustomed dainties on the rocky floor.—The slave withdrew. The priest seated himself so that the light should reveal every change of the Templar's features, while his own were veiled in deep shadow.

"Arise, young Nazarine," he said, "arise, and eat, for to-morrow thou shalt die. Eat, drink, and let thy soul be strengthened to bear thy doom; for as surely as there is one God, and one prophet, which is Mahomet, so surely is the black wing of Azrael outstretched above thee."

"It is well," was the unmoved reply, "I am a consecrated knight, and how should a Templar tremble!—A Christian, and how should a follower of Jesus fear to die?"

"My brother hath spoken wisely, yet is his wisdom but folly. Truly hast thou said—it is well to die; for is it not written that the faithful and the *Yaour* must alike go hence? But is it the same thing for a warrior to fall amidst the flutter of banners, and the flourish of trumpets,—which are to the strong man, even as the breath of his nostrils, or as the mild showers in seed time to the thirsty plain,—and to perish by inches afar from his comrades, surrounded by tribes to whom the very name of his race is a byword and a scorn?"

"Now, by the blessed light of heaven!" cried the indignant soldier, "rather shouldst thou say a terror, and a ruin; for when have the dogs endured the waving of our pennons, or the flash of our armor? But it skills not talking,—leave me, priest, for I abhor thy creed, as I despise thy loathsome impostor."

For a short space the wise man of the tribes was silent; he gazed intently on the countenance of his foeman, but not a sign of wavering or dismay could his keen eye trace in the stern and haughty features. "Allah Acbar," he said at length, "to God all things are possible—would the Christian live!"

"All men would live, and I am but a man," returned the knight; "yet praise be to him where all praise is due, I have never shrunk from death in the field, nor can he fright me on the scaffold; if my Master has need of his servant, he who had power to deliver Israel from bondage, and Daniel from the jaws of the lion, surely he shall deliver my soul from the power of the dog. And if he has appointed for me the crown of martyrdom, it shall ne'er be said that Albert of Vermandois was deaf to the will of the God of Battles, and the Lord of Hosts."

"The wise man hath said," replied the slow musical notes of the priest, in strange contrast to the fiery zeal of the prisoner, "the wise man hath said—better is the cottage that standeth firm, than the tower which tottereth to its fall. Will my brother hear reason? Cast away the Cross from thy breast—bind the turban upon thy brow—and behold! thou shalt be as a prince among our people."

"Peace blasphemer!—I spit at thee—I despise—I defy thee!—I, a worshipper of the living Jehovah, shall I debase myself to the camel driver of Mecca.—Peace! Begone!" He turned his face to the wall, folded his arms upon his chest, and was silent. No entreaties, no threats of torment, no promises of mercy, could induce him again to open his lips. His eyes were fixed as if they beheld some shape, unseen by others; his brow was calm, and but for a slight expression of scorn about the muscles of the mouth, he might have passed for a visionary. After a time the Imaum arose, quitted the cell—and the warrior was again alone! But a harder trial was yet before him;—the door of his prison opened yet once more, and a form entered—a being, whom the poets in her own land of minstrelsy would have described under the types of a young date tree, bowing its graceful head to the breath of evening—of a pure spring in the burning desert—of a gazelle bounding over the unshaken herbage—of a dove gliding on the wings of the morning! And in truth she was lovely. Her jetty hair braided above her transparent brow, and floating in a veil of curls over her shoulders—her large eyes swimming in liquid languor—and above all, that indiscribable charm,

"The mind, the music breathing from her face."

Her form slighter, and more sylph-like, than the maids of Europe can boast, yet rounded into the fairest mould of female beauty—all combined to make up a creature resembling rather a houri of Mahomet's paradise, than

"One of earth's least earthly daughters."

For a moment the Templar gazed, as if he doubted whether he were not looking upon one of those spirits, which are said to have assailed, and almost shaken, the sanctity of many an holy anchorite. His heart, for the first time in many years, throbbed wildly—he bowed his head between his knees, and prayed for

vently; nor did he again raise his eyes, till a voice, as harmonious as the breathing of a lute, addressed him in the lingua Franca.

"If the sight of his hand-maiden is offensive to the eyes of the Nazarene, she will depart as she came, in sorrow."

The soldier lifted up his eyes, and saw her bending over him with so sad an expression of tenderness, that despite of himself, his heart melted within him, and his answer was courteous, and even kind.—"I thank thee, dear lady, I thank thee for thy good will, though it can avail me nothing; but wherefore does one so fair, and, it may well be, so happy as thou art, visit the cell of a condemned captive?"

"Say not condemned, oh! say not condemned! Thy servant is the bearer of life, and freedom, and honor. She saw thy manly form, she looked upon thine undaunted demeanour, and she loved thee,—loved thee to distraction,—would follow thee to the ends of earth,—would die to save thee,—has already saved thee, if thou wilt be saved!—Rank—honor—life—and love—"

"Lady"—he interrupted her—"Listen! for ten long years I have not lent my ear to the witchery of a woman's voice! Ten years ago, I was the betrothed lover of a maid, I had well nigh said, as fair as thou art. She died! died—and left me desolate,—I have fled from my native land, I have devoted to my God the feelings which I once cherished for your sex.—I could not give thee love in return for thy love,—nor would I stoop to feign that which I felt not, although it were to win not temporal, but eternal life."

"Oh! dismiss me not"—she sobbed, as she threw her white arms around his neck, and panted on his bosom,—"*Oh! dismiss me not thus,—I ask no vows,—I ask no love. Be but mine,—let my country be your country, my God yours,—and you are safe and free!*"

"My Master,"—he replied coldly, as he disengaged her grasp, and removed her from his arms,—"*hath said, 'what would it profit a man, if he should gain the whole world, and lose his own soul,'—I have listened to thee, lady, and I have answered thee,—but my heart is heavy,—for it is mournful, to see that so glorious a form should be the habitation of so frail a spirit. I pray thee leave me!—To-morrow I shall meet my God, and I would commune with him now in spirit and in truth!*"

Slowly she turned away,—wrapped her face in her veil, and moved with faltering steps,—wailing as if her heart were about to burst,—through the low portal;—the gate clanged heavily as she departed, but the sounds of her lamentation were audible, long after the last being who would show a sign of pity for his woes, or of admiration for his merits, had gone forth never again to return.

All night long, the devotions, the fervent, and heartfelt prayers of the Crusader ascended to the throne of his Master, and often, though he struggled to suppress the feeling, a petition for his lovely, though deluded visitor, was mingled with entreaties for strength, to bear the fate he anticipated.—Morning came at last, not as in the frigid climates of the north, creeping through its slow gradations of gray dawn, and dappling twilight, but bursting at once from night into perfect day. The prison gates were opened for the last time, the fetters were struck off from the limbs of the undaunted captive, and himself led forth like a victim to the sacrifice. From leagues around, all the hordes of the desert had come together in swarms, outnumbering the winged motes, that stream like dusty atoms in every sunbeam. It was a strange, and under other circumstances would have been a glorious spectacle; in a vast sandy basin, surrounded on every side by low but rugged eminences, were the swarthy sons of Syria mustered, rank above rank, to feast their eyes on the unwonted spectacle of a Christian's sufferings. The rude tribes of the remotest regions, Arab and Turcoman, mounted on the uncouth dromedary, or on steeds of matchless symmetry, and unstained pedigree, mingling their dark baracans with the brilliant arms and gorgeous garbs of the Soldan's court,—even the unseen beauties of an hundred harems watched from their canopied litters, the preparations for the execution with as much interest, and as little concern, as the *belles* of our own day exhibit before the curtain has been drawn aside, which is to disclose the performances of a Pedrotti or a Malibran to the enraptured audience.

In the centre of this natural amphitheatre, stood the scathed and whitening trunk of a thunder-stricken palm; to this inartificial stake was the captive led, one by one his garments were torn asunder, till his muscular form and splendid proportions were revealed in naked majesty to the wondering multitude. Once, before he was attached to the fatal tree, a formal offer of life, and liberty, and high office in the Moslem court was tendered to him, on condition of his embracing the faith of the prophet,—and refused by one contemptuous motion of his hand. He was bound firmly to the stump, with his hands secured far above his head,—at some fifty paces distant, stood a group of dark and fierce warriors, with bended bows, and well filled quivers, evidently awaiting the signal to pour in their arrowy sleet upon his unguarded limbs. He gazed upon them with a countenance unmoved and serene, though somewhat paler than its usual tints. His eyes did not, however, long dwell on the unattractive sight; he turned them upwards, and his lips moved at intervals, though no sound was conveyed to the ear of the by-standers. Some minutes had elapsed thus, when the shrill voice of the *Muezzin* was heard proclaiming the hour of matin-prayer in his measured chant,—"*There is no God, but God, and Mahomet is his prophet!*" In an instant the whole multitude were prostrate in the dust, and motionless as though the fatal blast of the simoom was careering through the tainted atmosphere. A flash of contempt shot across the features of the Templar, but it quickly vanished in a more holy expression, as he muttered to himself the words, used on a far more memorable occasion, by divinity itself,—"*Forgive them Lord, they know not what they do!*" The pause was of short duration; with a rustle like the voice of the forest, when the first breath of the rising tempest agitates its shivering foliage, the multitude rose to their feet. A gallant horse, man dashed from the cavalcade which thronged around the person of their Sol-

dan, checked his steed beside the archer band, spoke a few hasty words, and galloped back to his station.

Another minute—and arrow after arrow whistled from the Paynim bows, piercing the limbs, and even grazing the body of the Templar; but not a murmur escaped from the victim,—scarcely did a frown contract his brow; there was an irradiation, as if of celestial happiness, upon his countenance; nor could a spectator have imagined for a moment that his whole frame was almost convulsed with agony, but for the weapons quivering even to their feathered extremities in every joint, and the large blood drops trickling like rain upon the thirsty soil.

Again there was a pause. Circled by his Nubian guard, followed by the bravest and the brightest of his court, the Soldan himself rode up to the bleeding Crusader. Yet, even there, decked with all the pomp of royalty, and pride of war, goodly in person, and sublime in bearing, the monarch of the east was shamed,—shamed like a slave before his master—by the native majesty of Christian virtue; nor could the prince at first find words to address the tortured mortal, who stood at his feet with the serene deportment which would have seemed the judge upon his tribunal, no less than the martyr at the stake.

"Has the Nazarene yet learned experience from the bitter sting of adversity!—The skill of the leech may yet assuage thy wounds, and the honors which shall be poured upon thee may yet efface thine injuries—even as the rich grain conceals in its luxuriance the furrows of the ploughshare.—Will the Nazarene live—or will he die the death of a dog?"

"The Lord is on my side,"—was the low but firm reply—"the Lord is on my side; I will not fear what man doeth unto me." On swept the monarch's train, and again the iron shower fell fast and fatally, not as before on the members, but on the broad chest and manly trunk; the blood gushed forth in blacker streams—the warrior's life was ebbing fast away,—when from the rear of the broken hills, a sudden trumpet blew a point of war in notes so thrilling, that it pierced the ears like the thrust of some sharp weapon. Before the astonishment of the crowd had time to vent itself, in word or deed, the eminences were crowded with the mail-clad myriads of the Christian force. Down they came, like the blast of the tornado on some frail and scattered fleet, with war cry and the clang of instruments, and the thick trampling of twice ten thousand hoofs. Wo! to the sons of the desert in that hour! They were swept away before the mettled steeds and levelled lances of the Templars, like dust before the wind, or stubble before the devouring flame!

The eye of the dying hero lightened as he saw the banners of his countrymen. His whole form dilated with exultation and triumph. He tore his arm from its fetters, waved it around his blood-stained forehead, and for the last time, shouted forth his cry of battle, "*Ha Beauseant! A Vermandois for the temple!*" Then, in a lower tone, he cried, "*Lord now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, according to thy word; for mine eyes have seen thy salvation.*" He bowed his head, and his undaunted spirit passed away. H.

ON THE POPULAR SUPERSTITIONS OF EUROPE: LYCANTHROPY.

America is new. She is a bright shining penny fresh from the mint, without a speck of that precious green *arugo* which medallists so highly prize upon a head of Otho or Pescennius Niger. She has no antiquities. The want of them is a loss to her poets; but to the politician or man of business, the deficiency has not hitherto been found an evil. Whether, as our numbers increase, and their relations with each other, and with the foreigner, become more complicated, it will ever be so felt, time will reveal to our grandchildren. Meanwhile, there is nothing in which it is more apparent, that we were born to-day, and not last night, than in the paucity of our superstitions. That word is not here employed to denote the opinions or practices, which enter into the regular religious creed of any given sect. Many such do, no doubt, exist, which are sufficiently erroneous, to deserve this epithet. But what we allude to are vulgar or popular traditions, legends, and superstitions. It may be amusing to examine one of these, which has been of long and extensive prevalence in the antiquated societies of Europe.

The wolf is an animal well known on our continent. But he is only known in his natural shape and condition. In Europe, on the contrary, the inhabitants of those countries, in which he abounds, have been in the habit of supposing that the fiercest wolves are men, transformed by magic into that shape for the purpose of devouring their fellows, or, at least, their flocks and herds.

Herodotus mentions that such an idea exists in Scythia. "*The Neuri,*" he says, "*are very little better than conjurors. For the Scythæ, as well as the Greeks who are settled in Scythia, say of them, that every Neurian is turned into a wolf for some days in each year, after which days he returns to his former state.*" The belief of similar transformations found its way into the more refined nations of Greece and Italy. "*That men are ever changed into wolves,*" says Pliny, "*we must either confidently disbelieve, or make up our minds to believe all the things, which long experience has shown to be fabulous; but I will explain by what means that notion has become so inveterate, that a turnskin (*versipellis*) is become a common term of reproach. Evanthus, a Greek author of some estimation, reports upon the authority of Arcadian writers, that it is the custom in a tribe descended from a certain Anthus, to choose one man by lot out of each family, who is led to the shores of a lake in that country, where he takes off his clothes and hangs them upon an oak tree, swims across, betakes himself to the wilderness, and is transfigured into a wolf; and for the space of nine years he associates with a herd of others such as himself. But if during those nine years he abstains from devouring men, he may return to the lake, swim back again, recover his human shape, and become such as he was before, except being nine years older. Fabius goes further and says, that he resumes his former clothing. It is wonderful what lengths Grecian credulity will go!*"

There is no lie however barefaced but has its witness; Agriopas, for instance, who wrote the book called *Olympionica*, relates that Demænetus, the Parrhasian, at a sacrifice, which the Arcadians at that time still celebrated to Jupiter Lycaeus with a human victim, tasted the entrails of a boy who had been immolated, and converted himself into a wolf. The same Demænetus, ten years afterwards, being restored to the human form, contended as a pugilistic Athlete, and returned victorious from Olympia." The transformations in the tribe of Anthus were known familiarly to Plautus, a Roman much more ancient than Pliny, for his Amphitryon exclaims as follows, "Ye gods! what distemper agitates my family! What strange things I behold, on my return from abroad! Now I see it was all true, which I have heard in old tales, that the Anthican men in Arcadia were changed, and remained savage brutes, and were never recognized again, even by their own parents." Act. 4, sc. 3.

At the Banquet of Trimalchion (in Petronius Arbiter) Nicerus gives the following minute account of the way in which these transformations were effected, in the Emperor Nero's days. "It happened that my master was gone to Capua to dispose of some second-hand goods. I took the opportunity, and persuaded our guest to walk with me to the fifth mile stone. He was a valiant soldier, and a sort of a grim water-drinking Pluto. About cock-crow, when the moon was shining as bright as mid-day, we came among the monuments. My friend began addressing himself to the stars, but I was rather in a mood to sing or count the stars; and when I turned to look at him, lo! he had already stripped himself and laid down his clothes near him. My heart was in my nostrils, and I stood like a dead man; but he sprinkled* salt water round about his garments, and on the sudden became a wolf. Do not think I jest; I would not tell a lie for any man's estate. But to return to what I was saying, when he was become a wolf he began howling, and fled into the woods. At first, I hardly knew where I was; and afterwards, when I went to take up his clothes, they were turned into stone. Who died with fear, but me? Yet I drew my sword and when,—cutting the air right and left, till I reached the villa of my sweetheart,—I entered the court-yard, I almost breathed my last; the sweat ran down my throat, my eyes were dim, and I thought I should never recover myself. My Melissa wondered why I was out so late, and said to me, 'had you come sooner, you might at least have helped us, for a wolf has entered the farm and wounded all our cattle, but he had not the best of the joke, for all he escaped, since our slave ran a lance through his neck.' When I heard this, I could not doubt, and now as it was clear light, I ran home as fast as a robbed innkeeper; when I came to the place where the clothes had been turned to stone, I could find nothing, except blood, but when I got home, I found my friend, the soldier, in bed, bleeding at the neck like an ox, and the doctor dressing his wound. I then knew he was a turnskin; nor would I ever have broke bread with him again, no, not if you had killed me." The following verses from Dryden's translation of Virgil, are illustrative of the same extraordinary vagary of the human mind;—

These poisonous plants, for magic use designed,
Noblest and best of all the baneful kind,
Old Mœris brought me from the Pontic strand,
And culled the mischief of a bounteous land.
Smeared with these powerful juices, on the plain
He howls a wolf, among the hungry train.

Olaus Magnus, the Swedish Archbishop of Upsala, in his great work on the Condition of the Northern Nations, enlarges upon the subject in the following words:—"Talking of wolves, I may do well to add that, that species of them, who are transformed from men, and which Pliny confidently says we should account false and fabulous, are to be found in great abundance, in the more northerly countries. In Prussia, Livonia, and Lithuania, although the people yearly suffer a very great loss of cattle by the rapacity of the wolves, they think but little of that, in comparison with the damage done to them by men converted into wolves. For every year, on the feast of the Nativity of Christ, a great multitude of wolves converted out of men, the inhabitants of various places, assemble by night, in some stated place, which they have agreed upon among themselves; and afterwards upon that same night, they rage so fiercely both against men and all domestic animals, that the people suffer more detriment from them than from true and natural wolves. For it is ascertained that they will attack the houses of men who live in the woodlands, and try to break open the doors, in order to devour both man and beast. They enter the beer cellars, and will drink up several barrels of beer and honey-mead, and then they pile up the empty barrels one on top of the other in the middle of the cellar, in which particular they differ from natural and genuine wolves. The place in which those wolves happen to sleep on that night, is accounted prophetic by the people of the country; for if any one of them suffer any mishap on that spot, such as the overturn of a carriage, or tumbling into the snow, they are fully persuaded that he will die in that year, having experienced the truth of it during a long course of time. There is an old wall, somewhere in Lithuania, Samogitan or Courland, the remains of a ruined castle, to which many thousands of men, turned into wolves, are in the habit of resorting every year at a stated season, to try one another's agility in jumping; and those who cannot jump over the wall, as often happens to the fat ones, are flogged with whips by the prefects of the assembly. Lastly, it is confidently asserted, that the magnates and first noblemen of the country are members of that community—and, in my next chapter, I will explain how they usually arrive at such a point of madness, and at so very terrible a metamorphose, which, after they have once undergone it, they cannot neglect at the stated period. Whenever any person, either a German, or a native, being desirous of innovations contrary to the divine law, wishes to become a member of that accursed college, who (when it seems good to them) are turned into wolves,—so that, at certain seasons of the year, and at appointed places he and his servants should, throughout his whole life, give them the rendezvous, and work mischief, and even death, to other men and

* N. B. Circum-mixit vestimenta.

to cattle—they use this most unnatural method of transformation. It immediately follows upon drinking a cup of beer, prepared by one who is skilled in such veneficious arts, and who, at the same time uses certain words; provided always that he who drinks it, is a party consenting. From that time forth, he has only to retire into some cellar or dark wood, whenever he is so disposed, and entirely transmute his human shape into the likeness of a wolf. And he can alternately lay it aside, or resume it, as he pleases. To come to examples—A certain nobleman was travelling through a long wood, and with him certain rustic servants, acquainted (as many are in those parts) with this sort of magic. The evening was closing in, there was no lodging at hand, and they were forced to spend the night in the wood, and were moreover hard pressed by hunger. At last one of them proposed to the others, to remain quiet, and, whatever they might see, to make no disturbance, for that he saw a flock of sheep at a distance, and would very shortly procure one for them to roast, so that they might not be quite supperless. And with that he ran into the thicket of the wood, that he might not be seen, and transfigured himself into a wolf. Then he rushed impetuously into the flock, and seized a sheep, and carried it off into the wood; and presently he brought it up to the carriage, being in the form of a wolf; his companions who were privy to his theft, took it from him and hid it in the carriage; and he went back into the thicket and reassumed the human shape. It also happened not many years ago, in Livonia, that a dispute arose between a nobleman's wife and her slave, (for they have more slaves there than in any other region of Christendom,) whether or not men could be turned into wolves. At last he said that, if he were permitted, he would presently show a proof of the fact. He went into the cellar by himself, and shortly came out in the form of a wolf. But as he fled towards the wood, the dogs pursued him and, though he defended himself fiercely, tore out one of his eyes; and the next day he returned to his mistress with one eye. Also it is perfectly certain, that, if a wolf transmuted from a man suffer mutilation of any of his members, he will, as soon as he resumes the figure of a man, be wanting of that member. But if he be killed by dogs or huntsmen, he will never make his appearance as a man again. And it is a fact recorded within recent memory, that the Duke of Prussia, having little faith in such magic, ordered a man, who was proficient in it, into strict confinement, in order that he should turn himself into a wolf, which accordingly he did; but the Duke afterwards burnt him alive, that such idolatry might not go unpunished. For divine as well as human laws severely punish such crimes."—So much saith the Archbishop of Upsala. A similar anecdote of a Grand Duke of Muscovy, is mentioned by Boissard in his book on magic. A man was taken up upon a charge of being a were-wolf, and brought before the prince, who asked him if it were true he could transform himself, and he said it was true enough. "Come then," said the prince, "and let me see that metamorphose." The man went away with his jailors to a sequestered spot, and performed the mysteries which the devil had taught him, and suddenly he became a wolf, with glaring eyes and horrid bristles on his back, but the chains with which he was previously bound, were still on him. Meanwhile, the Grand Duke had sent for two fierce and strong mastiffs, which he set upon the lupine monster, and they tore him to pieces, before he could recover his natural shape. Doctor Hakewill, in his Apology of the Power and Providence of God, quotes from Pomponius Sabinus upon Ovid, a story, which "he tells us of his own knowledge," viz. "that the like are here to be found among the Borussians, of whom one was lately taken and brought by the boors of the country before the Duke of Prussia, whose cattle he was supposed to have devoured. He was indeed a deformed man, and not much unlike a wild beast, having wounds in his face; which he was said to have received from the teeth of dogs, during his change. This fellow being by some examined, (whom the prince deputed to that business,) affirmed that he was twice in the year so changed, namely about Christmas, and again about midsummer. Whereupon, being kept close prisoner in the castle, and narrowly observed, it was by trial found, that notwithstanding his own confession, he still retained the same shape, atque is fuit exitus fabulæ, says my author." Ogilby, in his notes upon Virgil, says, "Tutheimin's reports of Bacarus, King of Bulgaria, that he could, when he pleased, transform himself into a wolf, or any other beast. There is a like story to the same effect, of one Stuppater, a German."

When Gervas of Tilbury flourished, (which was in the reign of Henry the II, and Richard I., kings of England,) the extirpation of British wolves was very far from being complete, so that strong vestiges of this superstition were then still remaining in that island. "We have frequently seen (he says) men in England transformed into wolves, for the space of a lunar month, and such people are called Gerulphs by the French, and were-wolves by the English." When Camden wrote his *Britannia*, he does not seem to have known of any such superstition prevailing in England. But, in his notice of Tipperary, a province in Ireland, he says they have a "report of men turned every year into wolves," but adds, that he counts it fabulous. John Brompton, the author of an Old Chronicle, pretends that a certain abbot in the district of Ossory, had obtained from heaven, a decree that two persons of that district (a married couple) should every seven years be compelled to leave the country in the shape of wolves, but, at the end of those years, they might, if yet living, return to their home and native shape, and two other persons were condemned in their place to the like penalty for other seven years.

Two Frenchmen or Burgundians, by name Pierre Burgot and Michael Verduin, were convicted in the Archbishopric of Besançon, of having travestied themselves into wolves, by means of an ointment the devil gave them, and of having attacked both men and herds; they were publicly burnt to death in the year 1521. They made confession of their guilt. In like manner the Parliament of Dole, in France, on the 18th of January, 1574, condemned one Giles Garnier to be burnt, for renouncing God, and swearing never to serve any but the devil, and turning himself into a wolf. It was observed that persons of the

name of Garnier or Grenier, were usually addicted to these practices. Ce nom (says a French author) est comme fatal. Besides those proceedings, there were condemnations for the same crime at Constance, under the Emperor Sigismund, at Orleans, in 1583, and in the Parliament of Rennes, in 1598, and at Grenoble, in 1603. Blois was remarkable above all other parts of France, for its *loup-garoux*, as these men turned into wolves are called in French. And it is a remarkable observation, that its Latin name *Blisium Castrum*, means in Gaulish, City of Wolves, from *blis*, a wolf. It was supposed that these people, had a deadly enmity to witches; in illustration of which, De Lanere relates the following anecdote.—A certain lycanthrope was convicted of tearing a horse to pieces, upon such clear evidence, that he could not deny the fact, but excused himself by saying that the accident happened as he was endeavoring to kill a witch, who had taken refuge under the horse's belly, in the shape of a butterfly. John Grenier, a young offender, only thirteen years old, and the only wolfish man who was ever pardoned in France, frankly avowed that he delighted in eating children, and especially girls. He declared that he had taken to the woods in obedience to the orders of Monsieur de la Forêt, a black man of gigantic stature, whose breath was cold. When asked what he had done with his wolf's skin and pot of ointment, he said they were chez Monsieur de la Forêt, who sent them to him whenever he wanted them. The poor boy even maintained that Monsieur de la Forêt had been twice to visit him at the Convent of Franciscans, where he was detained. Gilles Garnier, of Dole, was also in the same story, and said, that he always considered Monsieur de la Forêt as his master. That personage is supposed to be the same tall black man, who was sometimes called, Le Grand Veneur, and who crossed the path of the Count de Soissons out a hunting, in the forest of Fontainebleau, in 1559.

Nobody can doubt or dispute that people of this description used to commit the most atrocious butcheries. When Peter Stump, who died very penitent, near Cologne, in 1589, confessed himself guilty of the magical self-transformation, we may be inclined to think the culprit as fanatical, as his judges were credulous. But when he confessed to having killed thirteen children, two women, and a man, we cannot call in question a fact of so great notoriety as the violent death of sixteen persons in one district or neighbourhood. The madness in question was called lycanthropia, and described under that name by most of the ancient Greek physicians, especially Cribasius and Actius. The latter says, that such patients leave their homes by night in the month of February, haunt places of sepulture, and imitate wolves in all things.

The libraries of Europe would probably furnish a much greater number of curious anecdotes and illustrations, but the above may suffice to excite, and partly to satisfy curiosity. It is evident, upon the whole face of the matter, that there is less in it than the superstition of the 16th century supposed, and more in it than we, in our present state of society, can clearly comprehend.

Herodotus describes these things as having been believed or practised in the interior parts of Asia, called Scythia or Tartary, the same from which the tribes of warriors and huntsmen, commonly called Indians, found their way to this continent. It would therefore be desirable, if any one, conversant with their opinions and habits, would make it known to us, whether any, and what, similar ideas are to be found among those savage communities. Any such communication would be gladly inserted.

THE FOUNTAIN-HEAD.

AN ANECDOTE.

The ancestors of a certain noble Scottish Duke were of the Roman Catholic persuasion, and the family continued so until a comparatively recent period. The following curious anecdote is related of the last Catholic head of the family, and the circumstance is believed by many to have been chiefly instrumental in bringing about the change in his religious opinions.

The nobleman in question,* possessed very extensive estates in the northern part of Scotland; the management of which was intrusted chiefly to the care of various stewards, or as they are there called, *factors*; notwithstanding which, he resided upon them personally, the greater part of his time, and was considered on all hands as a liberal gentleman and a kind landlord. A tenant of his, who indeed might be called a sort of retainer,—as his forefathers had lived during several generations on the land,—unfortunately, through inadvertence and ignorance, broke one of the covenants of his tack or lease, of no importance in itself, yet sufficient to entitle the landlord to eject the occupant. Upon being informed of the mischief he had committed, and of the fatal consequences that might ensue to himself and family, he repaired to one of the "factors," and without attempting to palliate the offence, save that it was unconsciously done, he begged the steward's good offices at the castle, that he might have his lease renewed at a small fine. The steward being either rigorous in his duty, or having another to serve, declined to interfere, and bade the poor man prepare to abide the issue of his indiscretion. Sorely dismayed, but not in utter despair, he tried another, and another factor, but still received the same kind of answer. Half frantic at his ill success, but determined not to yield to his fate whilst there was the least glimmering of hope, he resolved at length to apply personally to the noble peer. He repaired to the castle, humbly requested an audience, which was kindly granted. The poor man told his honest tale without a gloss or an attempt at excuse; he merely urged that he was poor and with a large family; that the broken clause was one of which he did not even know the existence; that he had besought in vain the favour, from the factors, of its being represented to their principal; and that to be turned out with all his family, from the place where he was born, would be utter ruin to them, and heart-breaking to himself. The benevolent nobleman rejoiced the desponding farmer's heart, by informing him that he should remain, and should sustain no injury; and being struck with the shrewdness of some of his remarks, he directed that he should

receive refreshment, after which he wished to have some farther converse with him.

With renovated spirits he joined his landlord again, who, being curious to draw out the sentiments of this poor but shrewd man, shewed him all parts of the castle within and without. Among other places, they went into his Grace's chapel, which was beautifully enriched, with windows of stained glass and other ornaments usual in the Catholic churches. Upon the farmer's asking what were the figures in the paintings, and on the windows, he was informed that they represented the blessed saints and martyrs of the church. "Aweel," said the farmer, "and what for an't please your lordship are sac mony o' them put i' ae place." The peer replied, "that they were intended to quicken the spirit of devotion in religious breasts, and that they were intercessors at the throne of Divine Grace, for sinners on earth, who appealed through them." The honest Scotchman sighed and shook his head; which the nobleman perceiving, demanded what moved him. "Ah, my noble lord," replied he, "it doesna belong to the likes o' me, to meddle or mak a sic like matters." Being however urged, at length the man replied, "aweel my lord, I canna but think that a' these saunts i' your lordship's chapel, are, sae to speak, a wee like your ain factors. I got nae gude frae nane o' them, but a blessed help when I cam to the fountain-head; an' if it please your lordship, I canna but think that there's as muckle chance o' a gracious reply frae the Lord above, himsel, as ye'll get through a' the saunts i' the calendar." The noble peer, it is said, was so struck with this apposite remark, that he immediately turned his thoughts seriously to the examination of the faith he was professing, which ended in his renunciation of its tenets, and adopting the principles of the reformed church.

ASSAULT OF BADAJOZ.

No sooner had Wellington put Ciudad Rodrigo in a situation of defence against any sudden attack, than he turned his eyes towards Badajoz, the remaining frontier fortress, which it was necessary that he should reduce before attempting his meditated invasion of the interior of Spain. As this enterprise required the united strength of the whole army, Ciudad Rodrigo, after having been repaired and provisioned for six weeks, was delivered over to Don Julian Sanchez, with his division of guerillas; and the Spanish Government was warned, in the strongest manner, of the necessity of taking immediate steps to have the breaches thoroughly repaired, and provisions for at least six months thrown in. Meanwhile preparations were made for the siege with all imaginable activity; but as the French marshals were now thoroughly alarmed by the blow struck at Ciudad Rodrigo, and Soult, in particular, was sensitively alive to any demonstrations against Badajoz, they required to be conducted with all imaginable secrecy. The battering train and engineers were accordingly embarked for Lisbon as if for Oporto; and at sea re-shipped on board small craft, privately sent out from different parts of the coast, to elude attention, and sent up the river Caldao, in the Alentejo, to Alacerda Sal, where the country carriages could, without suspicion, convey them to the banks of the Guadiana; while fascines and gabions were secretly prepared at Elvas, amidst other repairs of its ramparts, ostensibly directed to the defence of that fortress. Arrangements were at the same time made for transferring the grand supply of the army from the artery of the Douro to that of the Tagus: a temporary depot was formed at Celorico, as if for the nourishing of preparations on the Beira frontier; and a grand magazine established beyond the Douro. So completely did these preparations impose upon the French Emperor, that he entirely mistook the real point of attack; and in spite of the most urgent remonstrances of Marmont, who insisted that Badajoz was threatened, Napoleon wrote to him, "that the English general was not mad; and that an invasion on the side of Salamanca was alone to be guarded against."

Having thus completely outwitted the vigilance of the French Emperor, and at length completed his well-concealed preparations for the important enterprise in view, Wellington, on the 9th of March, suddenly commenced his march to the south; and the troops, from all quarters, converged towards Badajoz. One division of infantry alone remained on the Agueda, to succour Ciudad Rodrigo if necessary, and retard any incursion which the enemy might attempt on the Beira frontier, which was put in as good a position of defence as circumstances would admit. The English general arrived at Elvas on the 11th, and immediately prepared to invest the place; but incredible difficulties, which wellnigh proved fatal to the whole enterprise, retarded, for a very considerable period, the commencement of the siege. No representations which either Wellington, or his able coadjutor Mr. Stuart, the English ambassador at Lisbon, could make, could induce the Portuguese Regency to put in hazard their popularity, by making the magistrates draw forth the resources of the country for the conveyance of the ordnance and siege equipage, either from Almeida, where some of it came, or from the river Caldao, where the remainder had been brought by water-carriage. Hence, though the troops crossed the Tagus on a bridge of boats at Vallaballo on the 9th and 10th, it was not till the 15th that the pontoons could be thrown over the Guadiana, nor till the 17th that the investment of the fortress could be completed. The delay of these days afterwards required to be redeemed by torrents of British blood.

To cover the siege, Hill was posted near Almendralejos with thirty thousand men, of whom five thousand were horse: while Wellington himself, with twenty two thousand, commanded the besieging force. It was at first expected that Marmont would immediately co-operate with Soult in endeavouring to disturb the operations of the English army; but it was soon ascertained that his divisions had all marched through the Puerto de Pico, from the valley of the Tagus, into Castile, in obedience, as it is now known, to the absurd and positive orders of Napoleon; and consequently the British covering army was relieved of all anxiety except that arising from Soult, who was approaching from Andalusia. Meanwhile, the operations of the siege were vigorously conducted; but it was soon apparent that a most desperate as well as skilful defence might be anticipated. Philippon, whose great talents in this species of warfare had been experienced in the former siege, had been indefatigable during the six months that had since elapsed, in improving the fortifications, and adding to the strength and resources of the place. He had five thousand men under his command, drawn by equal numbers from the armies of Marmont, Soult, and Jourdan at Madrid, in order to interest all these commanders in its defence: the old breaches were all repaired, and strong additional works constructed to retard the operations of the besiegers in the quarters from whence the former attacks had been made. The ditches had been cleared out, and in some places materially deepened, as well as filled with water; the glacis was every where elevated, so as to cover the scarp of the rampart; the *tête-du-pont* on the other side of the river, ruined in the former siege, had been thoroughly repaired, and am-

* Said to be the ancestor, probably the grandfather, of the present Duke of Gordon.

ple provisions laid up for the numerous garrison. The castle, in particular, which is situated on a rock more than a hundred feet above the level of the Guadiana, and surrounded by walls twenty-eight feet in height, was deemed perfectly secure; and what between dread of the approaching siege, and the orders of the French governor, all the inhabitants except four or five thousand of the most indigent class, had left the place, so that no failure of provisions was to be apprehended.

These defensive preparations had rendered a renewal of the attack on Fort Christoval impossible; and therefore Wellington resolved to commence his operations against an outwork called Fort Picurina, with a view to the final attack on the rampart at the bastion of Trinidad, which could be breached from the hill on which it stood. Ground was broken against this outwork, unperceived by the enemy, in the night, and parallels established within two hundred yards of its walls. Alarmed at the progress of this approach, Philippon, two days after, ordered a sortie with fifteen hundred men, including some squadrons of cavalry, by the gates of La Trinidad. These gallant men, whose approach was covered by a thick fog, at first did great mischief in the British trenches, driving the whole working parties from their posts, sweeping away several hundred intrenching tools, and spreading confusion as far even as the bivouacs and depots in the rear; but Picton's whole division immediately ran to arms, and the enemy were ultimately driven back with the loss of above three hundred men; though the British purchased their final advantage by the loss of a hundred and fifty men, including Colonel Fletcher, the able chief of the engineers. To guard against similar checks in future, Wellington removed his reserve parks nearly half-a-mile farther back, and established a reserve guard of six field-pieces near the trenches, with a signal post on a neighbouring height to give timely warning of the enemy's approach. No further attempt was made by besieged to disturb the approaches of the British; but they had for some days a powerful ally in the rain, which descended in such floods that the trenches were filled with water, and the earth was so saturated that it was impossible to cut it into any regular form. At length on the 24th, after a deluge of four days the atmosphere cleared up; and the investment was completed on the right bank of the Guadiana, while a heavy fire was opened from eight-and-twenty guns on the Picurina, which soon beat down the outer palisades, the British marksmen keeping up such a fire from the trenches that no man ventured to look over the parapet. The defences were injured, though not breached; but as they did not exhibit the appearance of great external strength, and time was of essential value, from the known energy of Soult, who was collecting his forces to raise the siege, it was determined, without further delay, to endeavour to carry it by assault.

The attack was made by General Kempt with five hundred of the third division. The night was fine, and the arrangements skilfully and correctly made; but when the troops, by a sudden rush, reached the palisades, they found them so far repaired as to render entrance impossible; while a streaming fire from the top of the walls cut down all who paused at that post of danger. The crisis soon became imminent, and the carnage terrible, for the enemy's marksmen shot fast from the rampart; the alarm bells in the town rang violently, and the guns of the castle opened in rear on the struggling mass of the assailants. Amidst this fearful tumult the cool courage of Kempt skilfully directed the attack; the troops were drawn round to the part of the fort sheltered from the fire; the reserves were quickly brought up, and sent headlong in to support the front. The shock was irresistible; in an instant the scaling ladders were applied, and the assailants with loud cheers mounted the rampart; while at the same time the axe-men of the light division discovered the gate, and hewing down the barriers, also burst in on the side next the place. So sudden was the onset, vehement the fight, that the garrison, in the confusion, forgot, or had not time to roll over the shells and combustibles arranged on the ramparts. The British lost above three hundred and fifty men in this heroic assault, which lasted an hour; but it contributed essentially to the progress of the siege; for Philippon had calculated upon retarding the besiegers four or five days longer by this outwork, and if the assault had not taken place on that day, this would actually have happened, as the loopholed gallery in the counterscarp and the mines would by that time have been completed.

No sooner did Philippon learn the capture of the fort, than he opened a tremendous fire upon it from every gun on the bastions which could be brought to bear, and with such effect that the lodgement effected in it was destroyed, as the troops could not remain in the work; and a sally to retake it with three battalions was attempted, but was quickly repulsed. On the following night, however, the men were got under cover, and the second parallel being completed in advance of the fort, enfilading and breaching batteries were erected in it; and after five days' continued firing, the sap being pushed up close to the walls, the Trinidad bastion crumbled under the repeated strokes of the bullet, and soon three large yawning chasms appeared in its walls. By the morning of the 6th they were all declared practicable; and though the counterscarp was still entire, and the most formidable preparations were evidently making to retrench the summits of the ruined parts of the rampart, yet, as Soult was now approaching from Andalusia, and Marmont had concentrated his whole force at Salamanca, from whence he was expected to menace Ciudad Rodrigo, into which the Spaniards had never yet, notwithstanding the urgent representations of Wellington, thrown any provisions, he determined to hazard an assault on the following day.

The plan of attack was suited to the magnitude of the enterprise, the extent of the preparations for repelling it which had been made by the garrison, and the known courage and ability both of the governor and his followers. On the right, Picton's division was to file out of the trenches, to cross the Rivillas rivulet, and endeavour to scale the castle walls, notwithstanding their rocky elevation and imposing height, when the tumult at the breaches had drawn the principal attention of the enemy to the other side of the fortress. On the left, Leith's division was to make a feint on the near Pardaleras outwork, and a real attack, by escalade, on the more distant San Vincente bastion, though the glacis was there mined, the ditch deep, the scarp twenty-eight feet high, and the ramparts lined with bold and determined men. In the centre, the fourth and light divisions, under General Colville and Colonel Barnard, were to assault the breaches. Like the other columns of assault, they were furnished with ladders and axes, and preceded by storming parties of five hundred men, led by their respective forlorn hopes. The light division was to assault the bastion of Santa Maria, the fourth division that of Trinidad; and the two together were nearly ten thousand strong. But they had need of all their strength: for the enemy was at once numerous and skilful, elated by former success, and confident of future victory; the ramparts were lofty, the breaches steep and narrow, and Philippon's skill had prepared the most direful means of destruction for the dark and massy columns that stood in the British lines, with hearts beating for the assault.

Sixteen chosen companies were charged with the defence of the three breaches, and were arrayed behind the parapets which had been constructed on

the terrepleine of the ramparts; immediately behind them was placed a strong battalion, in a retrenchment which had been formed in the rear of the menaced bastion; a company of sharpshooters occupied a raft which was floated in the inundation which immediately adjoined the foot of the breaches and flanked the assaulting columns; and another battalion was in reserve at the gate of Trinidad, ready to carry succour to any point which might require it. Every soldier had four loaded muskets beside him, to avoid the delay of charging them at the critical moment; shells were arranged in abundance along the parapet, to roll down on the assailants the moment they filled the ditch; heavy logs were provided, to crush whole files by their descending weight; and at the summit of each breach an immense beam of wood, sunk three feet deep into the earth at either extremity, was placed, thickly studded with sword-blades, with the sharp end turned outwards, so as to defy entrance alike to strength and courage. Similar preparations, with the exception of the sword-blades, were made at the castle and the bastion of San Vincente, which were menaced by escalade; and pits dug, in considerable numbers, at the foot of the great breach, to entangle or suffocate the brave men who might have descended into the fosse. Relying on these preparations, and their own conscious resolution, the French soldiers confidently looked down from their lofty ramparts on the dark columns of the distant enemy, who were arrayed for the assault; and many a gallant breast there throbbed, not less ardently than in the British host, for the decisive moment which was to determine this long-continued duel between the two nations.

It was intended that the whole points should be assailed at once, and ten o'clock was the hour assigned for this attack. But a bomb having burst close to the third division, destined for the assault of the castle, and discovered their position, Picton was obliged to hurry on the assault; and as the ramparts now streamed out fire in all directions, the fourth and light divisions could no longer be restrained, but silently and swiftly advanced towards the breaches; while the guard in the trenches, leaping out with a loud shout, enveloped and carried the little outwork of San Roque, by which the column attacking the castle might have been enfiladed in flank. They were discovered, however, as they reached the crest of the glacis, by the accidental explosion of a bomb, and its light showed the ramparts crowded with dark figures and glittering arms, which the next instant were shrouded in gloom. Still not a shot was fired on either side. Silently the hay packs were let down, the ladders placed to the counterscarp, and the forlorn hopes and storming parties descended into the fosse. Five hundred of the bravest were already down and approaching the breaches, when a stream of fire shot upward into the heavens, as if the earth had been rent asunder; instantly a crash, louder than the bursting of a volcano, was heard in the ditch, and the explosion of hundreds of shells and powder-barrels blew the men beneath to atoms. For a moment only the light division paused on the edge of the crater; then, with a shout which drowned even the roar of the artillery, they leaped down into the fiery gulf, while at the same moment the fourth division came running up, and poured over with the like fury.

And now a scene ensued unparalleled even in the long and bloody annals of the revolutionary war. Boiling with intrepidity, the British columns camerushed on; and the rear constantly urged on the front, pushed down, no one knew how, into the ditch. Numbers, from keeping too far to the right, fell into the part inundated, and were drowned; but the dead bodies filled up the ditch and formed a ghastly bridge, over which their comrades passed.* Others inclining to the left, came to the dry part, and shunned a watery grave; but they did so only to fall into the still more appalling terror of fire. The space into which both divisions had now descended, was a ditch of very confined dimensions, with the enemy's rampart in front and both flanks; so that the troops, crowded together in a narrow space at the bottom, were exposed to a cross plunging fire on every side except their rear, where stood a ravine filled with British soldiers, whose loud cheers and incessant though ineffectual fire against the parapets, rather augmented than diminished the general confusion. The enemy's shouts, also, from the breaches and walls, were loud and terrible; and the bursting of the shells, the explosion of the powder barrels, the heavy crash of the descending logs, the continued stream of fire from the ramparts, the roaring of the guns from either flank, and distant thunder of the parallel batteries, which still threw howitzers on the breaches, formed a scene of matchless sublimity and horror. Still, even in this awful situation, the gallantry of the officers and the devotion of the men, prompted them to the most heroic efforts: the loud shouts of defiance by the enemy were answered by vehement cheers even from dying lips, and roused the English to maddened efforts; again and again bands of daring leaders, followed by the bravest of their followers, rushed up the breaches, and, despite every obstacle, reached the summits. Vain attempt! the ponderous beams, thick studded with sword-blades, barred any further progress; the numerous spikes set among the ruins transfixed their feet; discharges of grape and musketry, within pistol-shot on either flank, tore down their ranks; and even the desperation of the rear, who strove to force the front forward, in order to make a bridge of their writhing bodies, failed in shaking the steady girdle of steel. Some even strove to make their way under it, and, having forced their heads through, had their brains beat out by the but-ends of the enemy's muskets. Never since the invention of fire-arms had such a slaughter taken place in so narrow a space: for two hours the men continued in that living grave, disdaining to retreat, unable to advance; and it was not till two thousand had fallen in this scene of horror, that by Wellington's orders they retired to re-form for a second assault.

While this tremendous conflict was going on at the breaches, a struggle of a different, but hardly less violent kind took place at the castle. There Picton's division were no sooner discovered by the explosion of the bomb among their ranks, than the whole moved forward at a steady pace, about half an hour before the fight began at the breaches. They crossed the stream of the Rivillas by single file, under a terrible fire from the ramparts; for the enemy brought every gun and musket to bear on the advancing mass, and the light which spread on all sides showed each man as clear as day. Rapidly formed on the other side, they rushed quickly up the rugged steep to the foot of the castle wall. There Kempt, who had hitherto headed the assault was struck down, and Picton was left alone to conduct the column. To the soul of a hero, however, he united the skill of a general; and well were both tried on that eventful night. Soon the palisades were burst through, and in ran Picton followed by his men; but when they got through and reached the foot of the wall, the fire, almost perpendicularly down, was so violent that the troops wavered: in an instant the loud voice of their chief was heard above the din, calling on them to advance; and they rushed in, bearing on their shoulders the ponderous scaling ladders, which were immediately raised up against the wall. Down in an instant, with a frightful crash, came huge logs of wood, heavy stones, shells, and hand-grenades; while the musketry, with deadly effect, was plied from above, and the bursting projectiles, illuminating the whole battlements, enabled the enemy to take aim with unerring accuracy. Several of the ladders were

* "Ce n'est que par le grand nombre qui sont noyés que le passage en est permis aux autres."—BELMAS, IV. 351.

broken by the weight of the throng who pressed up them; and the men, falling from a great height, were transixed on the bayonets of their comrades below, and died miserably. Still fresh assailants swarmed round the foot of the ladders: hundreds had died, but hundreds remained eager for the fray. Macpherson of the 45th, and Pakenham,* reached the top of the rampart; but were instantly and severely wounded, and thrown down. Picton, though wounded called to his men that they had never been defeated, and that now was the time to conquer or die. "If we cannot win the castle," said he, "let us die upon the walls." Animated by his voice, they again rushed forward, but again all the bravest were struck down. Picton himself was badly wounded, and his men, despite all their valour, were obliged to recoil, and take shelter under a projection of the hill.

The attack seemed hopeless, when the reviving voice of Picton again summoned the soldiers to the attack; and he directed it a little to the right of the former assault, where the wall was somewhat lower, and an embrasure promised some facility for entrance. There a young hero, Colonel Ridge of the 45th, who had already distinguished himself at Ciudad Rodrigo, sprang forward, and calling on the men to follow, himself mounted on the first ladder. As quick as lightning he ascends the steps; his broadsword is in guard above his head; his trusty grenadier bayonets projected from behind on either side—and he is on the summit! Caneh, of the grenadiers, quickly mounts another ladder; and both stand side by side on the ramparts. The shouting troops press up after them, and the castle is won. Speedily the enemy were driven through the inner gate into the town; but a reinforcement arrived from the French reserve; a sharp firing took place at the gate, and Ridge fell in the glorious sepulchre which his sword had won. The enemy made but a slight resistance in the castle after the ramparts were gained, but the fighting was still severe in other quarters; and Philippon, deeming the escalade of the castle impossible, disbelieved the officer who brought the account of it, and delayed to send succours till the English had established themselves in their important conquest.

While these furious combats were going on at the breaches and in the castle, Walker, with his brigade, was escalading the distant bastion of San Vincente, so that the town was literally girdled with fire. They got near to the counter-scarp undiscovered, and immediately, by means of their ladders, began to descend into the ditch; but at that moment the moon shone out, they were discovered, and a heavy fire began from the walls. The Portuguese in the division immediately threw down their ladders and fled; but the British pushed on, and soon reached the foot of the rampart. It proved, however, to be thirty feet high; the ladders were too short; a mine was sprung beneath their feet; the fire from the walls was quick and deadly; and logs of wood and shells thrown over, crushed or tore in pieces whole companies at once. Fortunately, during the alarm occasioned by the carrying of the castle, the assailants discovered a part of the scarp only twenty feet high; and there three ladders were placed against an empty embrasure. The ladders, however, were still too short, and the first man who got up, had to stoop down and draw up his comrades, after being pushed up by them. Instantly the crowds came rushing on; and Walker himself, among the foremost, was struck down on the ramparts, severely but not mortally wounded. The troops immediately advanced, with a rapid step and loud cheers, towards the breaches, where the incessant roar and awful conflagration told that the struggle was still going on. Strenuously fighting, they took several bastions, when the false alarm of a mine being sprung created a panic, and they were drawn back almost to the original one they had won; but a battalion left there, by a crashing volley arrested the pursuers, and the troops rallying again, fought on towards the breaches, while another body marched towards the great square of the town. There their bugles sounded an English air in the heart of Badajoz; they were answered by a similar note from the castle. Soon the breaches were abandoned, and the victors poured in from all quarters; while Philippon crossed the bridge and took refuge in Fort Christoval, where he surrendered at discretion next morning, but not till he had sent off messengers to Soult, to warn him of the disaster, and in time to avert a greater one from himself.*

During the whole of this eventful night, Wellington remained in one position, near the quarries, anxiously listening to the awful roar, and receiving the accounts which the different aids-de-camp brought of the desperate resistance which the troops were encountering at the breaches. Albeit well aware of the dreadful loss which must be going forward, he calmly received the intelligence, knowing how much the fate of the war depended on perseverance at that decisive moment. At length an officer arrived from Picton's division, with intelligence that the castle was taken. "Who brings that intelligence?" said Wellington, in his usual quick, decided way. "Lieutenant Tyler," said the officer. "Ah, Tyler! well—are you certain, sir?" "I entered the castle with the troops, have just left it, and General Picton's in possession." "With how many men?" "His division." "Return, sir, and desire General Picton to maintain his position at all hazards." Enthusiastic joy immediately took possession of all present; but when Wellington at a subsequent period of the night, learned the full extent of the havoc made in his brave men, his wonted firmness gave way, and he yielded to a passionate burst of grief.

Five thousand men and officers had fallen in all during the siege, including seven hundred Portuguese. Of these, eight hundred were killed, and no less than three thousand five hundred had been struck down during the assault—an unparalleled loss, proving alike the skill and intrepidity of the defence, and the desperate valour of the attack. But the prize was immense, and the consequences of the triumph decisive, in the end, of the fate of the Peninsula. A place of the first order, with the preservation of which the honour of three French armies had been wound up, in the best condition, garrisoned by five thousand choice troops, and commanded by an officer of equal courage and ability, had been captured after a siege of nineteen days, only eleven of which had been open trenches; less than half the time which Suchet, with superior means for the actual siege, had consumed in the reduction of Taragona.† One hundred and seventy heavy guns, five thousand muskets, and eighty thousand shot were found in the place; three thousand eight hundred men, including the Governor Philippon, were made prisoners; thirteen hundred had been killed or wounded since the commencement of the siege. But what was of far more importance than even the reduction of such a fortress in such a time and with such means, Wellington had now clearly obtained the superiority over the French generals.

* Now Sir Edward Pakenham.

† For the description of this memorable assault, I have collated the inimitable narrative of Colonel Napier with the official despatch of Wellington in Gurwood's Despatches, and the animated accounts of Colonel Jones, Sir Thomas Picton's Memoirs, and the United Service Journal; and added many important facts from Philippon's official despatch, given, with many other valuable documents regarding the siege, in *BELMAS, Journaux des Sieges dans la Peninsule*, iv. 360, 342.

† Suchet broke ground before Taragona on the 21st May, and the place was finally carried by assault on the 28th June, a period of thirty-seven days. Suchet's force, which was all engaged in the siege, (the enemy's disturbing force in the rear being very trifling), was 21,000. Wellington's at Badajoz, 19,000.—Vide *SUCHET'S Memoirs*, ii. 51, 109; and *Ante*, viii. pp. 321, 323.

THE HARD MAN.

"A man severe he was."

ARCHIBALD MERTON was the only son of an industrious and thriving merchant, who, originally poor, had, at first from necessity, and afterwards from habit, become a penurious man. Prosperous in all his undertakings, he believed that poverty was invariably the result of idleness, and, consequently, felt no sympathy in the wants of others, and was never known to extend his hand in charity to any.

Archibald had imbibed and acted upon the erroneous conclusion of his father.

Inheriting a handsome fortune at his death, sufficient for the independence of five men of his limited wants and views, he still continued plodding on and increasing his store.

Two years after he had succeeded to the business, he married—not for love, for of that sentiment he possessed as little as he did of charity—no—it was merely a bargain,—and, like most of his bargains, settled upon "Change."

A rich merchant, who had five daughters, offered him the choice, and a certain sum; and when he had made his election, the transfer was made and accepted, with all the coldness and formality of a commercial transaction.

A daughter was the issue—the only issue; for the wife died three months afterwards, and was buried with "all the honours" usually paid to the wealthy.

Archibald grieved exceedingly that his better half had not lived to bring up the child,—as he was compelled to put it out to nurse!

Notwithstanding his indifference, however, the little Maria grew up; and, when she had attained the age of five, he began to take notice of his only child, and had expressed himself rather pleased with her winning ways and artless prattle.

His business, however, engaged the largest portion of his time at the office, and occupied much of his thoughts at home, he consequently had little intercourse with the representative of his house.

Of late years, too, there rose a competition in mercantile affairs, which gradually assumed an air of speculation, that was very distasteful to the old-fashioned merchant; but he still persevered, although he found he had not only much to contend with, but almost a new game to play, in which he not unfrequently found himself at fault.

Still, the reputation of his "firm" was high in the market, and he commanded, where others were obliged to solicit.

Time progressed, and Maria was eighteen,—a pretty, lively, intelligent girl, with more common sense than accomplishments; her great virtue, in the estimation of Archibald Merton, being, her strict obedience to his will.

He contemplated, however, putting it to the severest test to which a parent can submit his child.

Having no son to continue the business, he had "speculated" upon taking a junior partner, in the shape of a son-in-law; and, having compared "notes" with a brother merchant who had an only son, he proposed the affair,—upon conditions, &c.

After mature deliberation, the match was agreed upon, provided the young couple were ready and willing to ratify the agreement. Archibald on his part smiled at the idea of a demur on the part of his daughter; and the introduction took place, the father and son dining with Archibald.

Strange to say, the young couple appeared mutually pleased; for, stranger still, they had previously met "promiscuously" at the house of a mutual friend; on which occasion young Mr. Belton had been rather particular in his attentions to Maria, who had been particularly pleased; for he was a very fine young fellow, and was quite the observed of all observers; and Maria had, it must be confessed a little vanity in her composition, and felt rather gratified at "carrying him off," on that occasion, although she had never seen him since.

Of course she complied with her parent's request, that she should receive Mr. Belton as her affianced husband, without a murmur, although the little rogue did exhibit an apparent indifference on the occasion, which was naughty, perhaps, but pardonable.

Letters were exchanged by the merchants, setting forth an agreement that "one month from the date hereof," ten thousand pounds should be advanced by each on the day of the marriage of Frederick Belton, Esq., junior, the son of Josiah Belton, Esq., to Maria, the daughter of Archibald Merton Esq. &c. &c.

The young couple meanwhile passed a delightful time in the interchange of the tenderest sentiments, sanctioned by their parents; and, unalloyed by any pecuniary considerations, which were left entirely to the discussion of the original contractors, enjoyed a felicity that was truly enviable.

Mantua-makers and milliners were busily employed in preparing for the happy event, and Maria was in the anticipation of every earthly enjoyment when one week before the proposed nuptials, Archibald returned from "Change" an hour before his accustomed time.

There was a cloud upon his brow, that checked the exuberant joy of his child, and chilled the blood in her veins.

"Girl!" said he, throwing his hat upon the sofa, "that old fool, Belton, has been speculating in hops; they have fallen in the market, and he is a ruined man—all gone!—found hanging in his warehouse!"

"Gracious Heaven!" exclaimed Maria, dropping in a chair, and looking like a corpse at the sudden communication of ill-tidings, "poor gentleman!"

"Poor indeed!" exclaimed Archibald bitterly. "I hold a thousand pounds of his worthless paper, and his estate will not yield a farthing in the pound."

"Oh sir!" said Maria, "let us go and comfort Frederick. What must his feelings be!"

"Frederick! comfort him! You do not think of your father you ungrateful girl. Can he pay me my thousand pounds? He is a beggar; think no more of him."

"Oh sir!" said Maria, "you are wealthy. This loss cannot, will not affect you. Bid me not forget him whom you have commanded me to love and receive as my husband."

"Peace, unfeeling girl!" cried Archibald, "nor dare to mention the son of the man who has robbed and plundered me. He is a beggar, and no match for the daughter of Archibald Merton. Never more shall he cross the threshold of my door. Forget him!"

Maria did not hear this last command for she fell as if stricken by death upon the floor of the drawing-room. Archibald rang the bell, and summoning the servants, left the forlorn and hapless maid to their ministrations, and retreated to his accustomed coffee-house, to ascertain if there were any hope of a dividend from the state of Belton.

Recovering from her swoon, and finding that her obdurate father had left the house, Maria, attended by her maid, with the boldness of despair, immediately sought her afflicted lover.

Her absence was unobserved; her obedience, indeed, was undoubted; but

surely, under the peculiar circumstances of her situation, her conduct could not be reprehended by the severest moralist, for the love Archibald had commanded could not be countermanded at will.

A correspondence between the lovers was the natural consequence; and at the end of six weeks Maria eloped, and married the husband of her father's choice.

Archibald's anger was deep and inflexible; he uttered no expression, but he felt and nourished an unnatural feeling of resentment against his daughter and her paramour, as he bitterly denominated the unfortunate, and perhaps what worldly people would call, thoughtless Frederick.

Months elapsed, and Archibald heard nothing of his disobedient child; and poor Maria, although married to the man of her father's and her own heart's election, was by no means perfectly happy; for she had been so accustomed to bow so religiously to his will in all things, that she consequently experienced many qualms of conscience at the step she had taken, which ever and anon passed like dark clouds across the sunshine of her existence. Frederick, too, was unable to obtain any employment, and the little money he possessed was fast dwindling away; and, to add to the misfortunes of the young couple, Maria promised to become a mother.

Too proud and independent to sue for help where he considered it ought naturally to have been proffered, Frederick tried every means in his power to procure means elsewhere before he resorted to solicit the assistance of his implacable father-in-law. Stern necessity at last compelled him to do that which he deemed a degradation.

"What is your business, sir?" demanded Archibald, with a chilling indifference, when, by a sort of stratagem, Frederick had obtained an interview.

"I have no business, Mr. Merton," replied Frederick; "and indeed, no pleasure in the application I am about to make to you."

"Then the sooner our conference ends, the better."

"Not so, sir," replied Frederick indignantly, "and by heavens you must and shall hear me!" and rising abruptly, he locked the door of the apartment.

"What is the meaning of all this outrage?" demanded Archibald.

"Fear nothing, sir; you are Maria's father, and that is sufficient protection for you."

"I disclaim, and will disinherit the disobedient girl," said Archibald.

"Listen, sir," said Frederick. "You sanctioned my addresses to your daughter; you did all in your power to promote the match; and had it not been for my father's misfortunes, you would have gladly ratified the agreement into which you had entered."

"Well, sir; but he failed in his part, and I have every right to retract."

"You forget, sir, that this was not a mere contract of bargain and sale; the affections of the parties were involved. You are still a rich man, and Maria is your only child. I do not ask you to give her the handsome portion you promised on her wedding-day; but I do claim some assistance, which will enable me to enter into business, and recover at least a part of that connexion which my father had by his industry and integrity obtained. He was unfortunate, sir, but not guilty."

"Your daughter, too, is in a precarious state, and requires every comfort; and if you possess the feeling of a parent, you will afford it her."

"You have married the girl, and you must be responsible for your own wilfulness. For my own part, I care not if she applies to the parish; for the shame will be upon your head for your rashness. Have you anything more to say?"

"Yes, sir," replied Frederick, "this charitable prayer, that when you are judged, may you meet with more mercy than you mete out to your own child."

Disgusted with the hard-hearted man, Frederick departed as much in anger as in sorrow at the fruitless issue of his interview.

Some months after this, Archibald Merton was gratified at hearing that Frederick had quitted London. He was comparatively happy, and once more pursued his avocations. Between 'Change and the coffeehouse he filled up the days of his existence, and increased his fortune.

There came, however, a "lull" in business, and he was miserable, for herequired the excitement consequent upon money-making; and, like a gambler becoming desperate, he made a "spec," and lost a considerable sum.

A change came o'er his golden dream, and he was induced by some wealthy merchants to become a director in one of the bubble companies of the day. The company failed, and Merton being an opulent man, he became the mark of attack; the rest of the "board" proved men of straw. Action upon action followed, and he was mulcted in a large amount of damages in every case, until the old merchant found himself under the necessity of becoming a bankrupt, to save himself from a prison, and he did find one who struck a friendly docket. He obtained his certificate; but he was literally a beggar. He had no friends—not a soul on earth who cared for him, for he had in his prosperity cared for none; and he quitted London, and no one knew whither his steps were bent.

Twelve years had elapsed since the unfortunate marriage of Maria,—and old Merton had had no tidings of her fate, for Frederick was as proud as the old merchant was inflexible.

It was a beautiful day in May,—the hawthorn was in full bloom, and the birds were singing merrily and filled the air with their sweet melody. All nature smiled at the return of summer.

A beautiful fair-haired girl was playing with a pet lamb in a meadow adjoining a handsome farm-house, where the bailiff of the lord's estate resided.

A poor old man, with grey hair, and bent double with age and infirmity, walked slowly up to the stile which divided the meadow from the high road, and resting his arms upon the upper bar, regarded the child.

He was not long unobserved, and with all the elasticity and sprightliness of youth, the little creature bounded towards the mendicant.

"Poor old man," said she, "you look fatigued,—have you walked far? Shall I bring you a bowl of milk? Here, sit on this bank and take care of my lamb, will you. I shall be with you presently."

And away ran the joyous little creature to the farm-house, and quickly returned with a wooden bowl of milk and a slice of bread.

"Thank you—thank you," replied the old man, and heartily devoured the welcome meal, while the little girl toyed with her pet, and at last, weary and rosy with her exertion, seated herself at the beggar's feet—a beautiful picture of innocence!

"Who taught your heart charity towards the poor?" said the old man.

"What do you mean?" said the artless child.

"Why do you give me this bread and milk?"

"Because I thought you were tired and hungry, and poor," replied the child; "and father would be so angry if I had let you go on without offering you something. Oh! he is so good and everybody loves him, and I love him and my mother better than all the world."

"And are they rich?" demanded the old man.

"Oh! no!—rich people ride in a carriage, you know, and are so proud; but we have everything we want, and can always give something away besides. Did you ever see anything like Jessy? look, how she butts at me. She is so naughty; and yet I feed her and wash her every day. Come here, do, you thing! and let me cuddle your little woolly neck."

And she entwined her little arm around the lamb's neck, and hugged it to her.

"Bless you, and thank you!" replied the old man, returning the bowl and taking up his staff.

"Don't hurry yourself. I am sure you are tired," replied the child: "and you may stay here as long as you like, and sleep in the barn, to, if you please."

"Sleep!" cried the old man, looking up wildly; and then, as if recollecting himself, he added, "If I may be permitted to rest my weary limbs till morning—"

"Indeed you may; and you have no occasion to be frightened, for we have dogs, for father says they always bark at poor people; and mother does laugh so when he says they are faithful, but not charitable, for she is very fond of them. Shall I show you the barn? and, depend upon it, I shall be up by five in the morning, and I'll bring you such a nice mess of hot bread and milk; and some bread and meat, too, if you like it."

"Thank ye," murmured the old man as he arose, and scalding tears trickled down his furrowed cheeks as he followed his pretty little prattling guide.

True to her promise, the little girl brought the weary wanderer his welcome meal at five o'clock in the morning, and seating herself on a truss of straw beside him, talked to him like sweet music.

He had scarcely finished, when a manly voice outside the barn in a laughing tone, said, "Come, let us see the child's guest: the little rogue wants to engross all the merit to herself."

The door opened, and in walked the bailiff and his buxom wife.

"Well, gaffer," said the hearty young farmer, "I hope you have been well cared for?"

A shriek from his wife startled him, and frightened the child, who burst into tears, and rushed to her mother's side.

"Father! my poor father!" exclaimed Maria, and fell swooning in the arms of Frederick.

FARNHAM'S TRAVELS IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS AND OREGON.

In May 1839, Mr. Farnham and sixteen others met at Independence, Missouri, the rendezvous of the overland traders to Mexico. The object of this party of adventurers is not very clearly expressed in the author's phraseology: "Some of our number sought health in the wilderness; others sought the wilderness for its own sake; and others sought a residence among the ancient forests and lofty heights of Columbia." But, be their practical purposes what they might, they started in the fashion of the Indian traders, as a waggon-caravan; and in due time arrived at a trading post not far distant from Taos and Santa Fé, frontier towns of Mexico. Here the party separated; Mr. Farnham and a few companions departing for the river Columbia, in the Oregon territory; which they reached after considerable suffering from hunger and the hardships of the way. Having looked a little about him, partaken of the hospitality of the Hudson Bay Company's posts, and visited the American Missionary stations, our author descended the Columbia river; embarked for the Sandwich Islands in a vessel of the Hudson Bay Company; and no doubt, eventually reached the seaboard of the Atlantic in safety, or we should not have had his book.

Mr. Farnham has much of the readiness and readableness that distinguish Willis, Norman, Stephens, and most other American writers: There are also passages in the work of very powerful description, when the character of the facts has made too strong an impression to allow of attempts at improvement by fine writing.

The book moreover possesses several points of intrinsic novelty and interest which dulness itself could not have utterly destroyed. The caravan-travelling of the South-western States, with the characters and mode of life it induces, is a peculiar thing; and Mr. Farnham has presented the fullest and best account of it we have met. The privations, dangers, and risks undergone by these hardy pioneers of civilization—and, it would seem, for scanty recompense—have been touched upon by far superior writers; but the Irvings described from second-hand, Farnham from actual experience upon his own person. Part of Mr. Farnham's route lay through the disputed territory of Oregon; and though much of it was among mountains, and no small portion of his journey on the plain was a race against starvation, where to pause or turn aside was death—so that he saw little beyond what lay upon the shortest cut—yet the necessity of taking it speaks volumes for the character of the country on the Southern bank of the Columbia. Partly from observation and discourse, and partly from a sort of survey undertaken by the American Government, our traveller contrives to furnish the fullest, if not the only late account of the Oregon district, especially in his glimpses of the general condition of the people. His descriptions of the Hudson Bay Company's posts and conduct of their servants, though not possessing the novelty of the other parts, is not devoid of interest.

Of these four subjects, however, the first is the most attractive, not only for its freshness but for its suggestions. It is impossible to read the following sketch of the discipline of the trading-caravans without seeing how they contribute to form the materials of an army, invaluable in the sort of warfare that must be urged in the wastes on either side of the Rocky Mountains, should war at any time unhappily take place.

ARRANGEMENTS AND ECONOMY OF A PRAIRIE TRADING-CARAVAN.

Council Grove derives its name from the practice among the traders, from the commencement of the overland commerce with the Mexican dominions, of assembling there for the appointment of officers and the establishment of rules and regulations to govern their march through the dangerous country South of it. They first elect their commander-in-chief. His duty is to appoint subordinate leaders, and to divide the owners and men into watches, and to assign them their several hours of duty in guarding the camp during the remainder of their perilous journey. He also divides the caravan into two parts, each of which forms a column when on march. In these lines he assigns each team the place in which it must always be found. Having arranged these several matters, the council breaks up; and the commander, with the guard on duty, moves off in advance to select the track and anticipate approaching danger. After this guard the head teams of each column lead off about thirty feet apart, and the others follow in regular lines, rising and dipping gloriously; two hundred men, one hundred waggons, eight hundred mules; shoutings and whippings, and cheerings, are all there; and, amidst them all, the hardy Yankee moves happily onward to the siege of the mines of Montezuma. Several objects are gained by this arrangement of the waggons. If they are attacked on march by the

Cumache cavalry or other foes, the leading teams file to the right and left, and close the front; and the hindmost, by a similar movement, close the rear; and thus they form an oblong rampart of waggons laden with cotton goods, that effectually shields teams and men from the small arms of the Indian. The same arrangement is made when they halt for the night.

Within the area thus formed are put, after they are fed, many of the more valuable horses and oxen. The remainder of the animals are "staked"—that is, tied to stakes, at a distance of twenty or thirty yards around the line. The ropes by which they are fastened are from thirty to forty feet in length, and the stakes to which they are attached are carefully driven, at such distances apart as shall prevent their being entangled one with another.

Among these animals the guard on duty is stationed, standing motionless near them, or crouching so as to discover every moving spot upon the horizon of night. The reasons assigned for this are, that a guard in motion would be discovered and fired upon by the cautious savage before his presence could be known; and farther, that it is impossible to discern the approach of an Indian creeping among the grass in the dark, unless the eye of the observer be so close to the ground as to bring the whole surface lying within the range of vision between it and the line of light around the lower edge of the horizon. If the camp be attacked, the guard fire and retreat to the waggons. The whole body then take positions for defence; at one time sallying out, rescue their animals from the grasp of the Indians, and at another, concealed behind their waggons, load and fire upon the intruders with all possible skill and rapidity. Many were the bloody battles fought on the "trail," and such were some of the anxieties and dangers that attended and still attend the "Santa Fé trade." Many are the graves, along the track, of those who have fallen before the terrible cavalry of the Cumaches.

We traversed Council Grove with the same caution and in the same manner as we had the other; a platoon of four persons in advance to mark the first appearance of an ambuscade; behind these the pack animals and their drivers; on each side an unencumbered horseman; in the rear a platoon of four men; all on the look-out, silent, with rifles lying on the saddles in front, steadily winding along the path that the heavy waggons of the traders had made among the matted under-brush. In this manner we marched half a mile, and emerged from the Grove at a place where the traders had, a few days before, held their council.

The sorts of forts or "emporiums" which this trade has given rise to is also curious; an imperium beyond all imperium, resembling our East Indian factories in the olden time, except that these are individual establishments and recognize no superior authority. They are in the Indian territory, where might is right and will law.

"Fort William, or Bent's Fort, on the north side of the Arkansas, eighty miles North by East from Taos, in the Mexican dominions, and about one hundred and sixty miles from the mountains, was erected by gentlemen owners in 1832, for purposes of trade with the Spaniards of Santa Fé and Taos, and the Eutaw, Cheyenne, and Cumache Indians. It is in the form of a parallelogram; the Northern and Southern sides of which are about a hundred and fifty feet, and the Eastern and Western a hundred feet in length; the walls are six or seven feet in thickness at the base, and seventeen or eighteen feet in height. The fort is entered through a large gateway on the Eastern side, in which swing a pair of immense plank doors. At the North-west and South-east corners stand two cylindrical bastions, about ten feet in diameter and thirty feet in height.

"These are properly perforated for the use of cannon and small-arms; and command the fort and the plains around it. The interior area is divided into two parts. The one, and the larger of them, occupies the North-eastern portion. It is nearly a square. A range of two-story houses, the well, and the blacksmith's shop, are on the North side; on the West and South are ranges of one-story houses; on the East the blacksmith's shop, the gate, and the outer wall. This is the place of business. Here the owner and their servants have their sleeping and cooking apartments, and here are storerooms. In this area the Indians, in the season of trade, gather in large numbers and barter, and trade, and buy, under the guardianship of the cannonades of the bastions loaded with grape, and looking upon them. From this area a passage leads between the Eastern outer wall and the one-story houses, to the canal or cavy-yard, which occupies the remainder of the space within the walls. This is the place for the horses, mules, &c., to repose in safety from Indian depredations at night. Beyond the canal to the West, and adjoining the wall, is the waggon-house. It is strongly built, and large enough to shelter twelve or fifteen of those large vehicles which are used in conveying the peltries to St. Louis and goods thence to the post. The long drought of summer renders it necessary to protect them from the sun.

"The walls of the fort, its bastions and houses, are constructed of adobies or unburnt bricks, cemented together with a mortar of clay. The lower floors of the building are made of clay, a little moistened, and beaten hard with large wooden mallets; the upper doors of the two-story houses and the roofs of all are made in the same way and of the same material, and are supported by heavy transverse timbers covered with brush. The tops of the houses being flat and gravelled, furnish a fine promenade in the moonlight evenings of that charming climate. The number of men employed in the business of this establishment is supposed to be about sixty. Fifteen or twenty of them, in charge of one of the owners, are employed in taking to market the buffalo robes, &c. which are gathered at the fort, and in bringing back with them new stocks of goods for future purchases. Another party is employed in hunting buffalo meat in the neighbouring plains; and another in guarding the animals while they cut their daily food on the banks of the river. Others, under command of an experienced trader, go into some distant Indian camp to trade. One or more of the owners, and one or another of these parties which chances to be at the post, defend it and trade, keep the books of the company, &c. Each of these parties encounters dangers and hardships, from which persons within the borders of civilization would shrink.

"The country in which the fort is situated is in a manner the common field of several tribes, unfriendly alike to one another and the Whites. The Eutaws and Cheyennes of the mountains near Santa Fé, and the Pawnees of the great Platte, come to the Upper Arkansas to meet the buffalo in their annual migrations to the North; and on the trail of these animals follow up the Cumaches. And thus, in the months of June, August, and September, there are in the neighbourhood of these traders from fifteen to twenty thousand savages ready and panting for plunder and blood. If they engage in battling-out old causes of contention among themselves, the Messrs. Bents feel comparatively safe in their solitary fortress. But if they spare each other's property and lives, they occasion great anxieties at Fort William: every hour of the day and night is pregnant with danger. These untameable savages may drive beyond reach the buffalo on which the garrison subsists; may begirt the fort with their legions, and cut off supplies; may prevent them from feeding their animals upon the plains;

may bring upon them starvation and the gnawing their own flesh at the door of death. All these are expectations which as yet the ignorance alone of the Indians as to the weakness of the post prevents from becoming realities. But at what moment some chieftain or white desperado may give them the requisite knowledge, is an uncertainty which occasions at Fort William many well-grounded fears for life and property."

The earlier hardships of Mr. Farnham's band appear to have been in some measure occasioned by want of proper precaution, or of sufficient means; for they commenced on the regular trading line between the frontiers of the United States of Mexico. Here the adventurers were reduced to a porridge made of one-eighth of a pint of flour per man; the band being also exposed to considerable toil, and to violent tornadoes. In the region of the Rocky Mountains, privation is unavoidable, and starvation sometimes overtakes even the hardy trapper; as the principal dependence is upon the game killed, which is sometimes scarce from accident, and in some places the ground is too barren to support animals. Mr. Farnham's small party were reduced to live upon cub-bear soup; which he describes as most nauseous, even to a starving man. When this supply was exhausted, they were compelled to kill their dog; and thirst was added to hunger and fatigue.

"For these, and several other palpable reasons, we drove on speedily and silently, with every eye watchful, every gun well primed, every animal close to his fellows, till ten o'clock at night. We then halted near a place where we had been told by the French trappers we could find a spring of water. The day had been excessively warm, and our thirst was well nigh insufferable. Hence the long search for the cooling spring to slake its burnings. It was in vain. Near midnight, therefore, it was abandoned by all; and we wrapped ourselves in our blankets, hungry, thirsty, and weary, and sunk to rest upon the sand. Another dreadful night! Thirst, burning thirst! The glands cease to moisten the mouth; the throat becomes dry and feverish; the lungs cease to be satisfied with the air they inhale; the heart is sick and faint; and the nerves, preternaturally active, do violence to every vital organ. It is an incipient throes of death."

The country where such hardships are to be endured is not a territory to be coveted for purposes of settlement; yet this seems to be the general character of the region South of the Columbia. The land is for the most part desert; less, it would appear, from the nature of the soil than of the climate. There are probably oases everywhere; and near the Columbia the country improves, and some successful attempts are made at cultivation by the Hudson's Bay Company, the Missionary stations, and a few American settlers; but the yield of the crops is not great, and their harvests by no means certain. Mr. Richardson, an American trader, returning from Oregon, gave a strange account of it to our author on his outward road—"Not so productive as New England; fifteen bushels of wheat to the acre was an extraordinary crop; corn (Indian corn!) and potatoes did not yield the seed planted; rain fell incessantly five months of the year; the remainder was unblest even with dew; the Indians and Whites residing there had the fever and ague, or bilious fever, the year through," &c. Mr. Farnham attributes Mr. Richardson's evil report to a desire to lure away the people to return with him through "the dangerous plains towards the States;" but the facts of Mr. Farnham go far towards supporting the general correctness of the description. What can be worse than this sketch!

"We pursued our journey over the grey, barren wastes. This region is doomed to perpetual sterility. In many portions of it there appears to be a fine soil. But the trappers say that very little rain or snow falls upon it; hence its unproductiveness. And thus it is said to be with the whole country lying to the distance of hundreds of miles on each side of the whole course of the Colorado of the West. Vast plateaux of desolation, yielding only the wild wormwood and prickly pear! So barren, so hot, so destitute is it of water that can be obtained and drunk, that the mountain-sheep, and hare even, animals which drink less than any others that inhabit these regions, do not venture there. Travellers along that stream are said to be compelled to carry it long distances upon animals, and draw it, where it is possible so to do, with a rope and skin bucket from the chasm of the stream. And yet their animals frequently die of thirst and hunger; and men often save their lives by eating the carcasses of the dead, and by drinking the blood which they from time to time draw from the veins of the living."

This description seems to be taken about the Southern boundary-line of Oregon: the following is certainly within the country; but we cannot tell the precise locality, from the absence of any observations by Mr. Farnham as to the latitude or longitude of his halts.

"Seven or eight miles to the North, rose another butte, a perpendicular shaft, fifty or sixty feet in height, resting upon a base of hills, which rise about three hundred feet above the plain. Beyond these buttes, to the East, the country seemed to be an open plain. To the South of them extends a range of dark mountains, reaching far into the dimly-discerned neighbourhood of Long's Peak. The whole circle of vision presented no other means of life for man or beast than a few small patches of dry grass and the water of the stream. Many of the sandy bluffs were covered with the prickly pear and the wild wormwood. Generally, however, nothing green, nothing but the burnt, unproductive waste appeared, which no art of man can reclaim."

These descriptions apply to the land South of the Columbia: but Mr. Spaulding, an American missionary, gives a worse account of the Northern part; severity of climate being added to the other evils.

"Mr. Spaulding, an American missionary, made a journey across this valley to Fort Colville, in March, 1837; in relation to which he thus writes to Mr. Levi Chamberlain of the Sandwich Islands—"The third day from home we came to snow, and on the fourth came to what I call quicksands, plains mixed with pine-trees and rocks. The body of snow upon the plains was interspersed with bare spots under the standing pines. For these our poor animals would plunge whenever they came near, after wallowing in the snow and mud until the last nerve seemed almost exhausted, naturally expecting a resting-place for their struggling limbs; but they were no less disappointed and discouraged, doubtless, than I was astonished, to see the noble animals go down by the side of a rock or pine-tree, till their bodies struck the surface."

"The same gentleman, in speaking of this valley, and the country generally, lying North of the Columbia, and claimed by the United States and Great Britain, says, 'It is probably not worth half the money and time that will be spent in talking about it.'"

We are informed on the Severe River, near the great salt lake, that—"On the banks of this river there is said to be some vegetation, as grasses, trees, and edible roots. Here live the 'Piutes' and 'Land Pitches,' the most degraded and least intellectual Indians known to the trappers. They wear no clothing of any description—build no shelters. They eat roots, lizards, and snails. Their persons are more disgusting than those of the Hottentots. They provide nothing for future wants. And when the lizard and snail and wild roots are buried in the snows of winter, they are said to retire to the vi

city of timber, dig holes in the form of ovens in the steep sides of the sand hills, and, having heated them to a certain degree, deposit themselves in them, and sleep and fast until the weather permits them to go abroad again for food. Persons who have visited their haunts after a severe winter have found the ground around these family ovens strewn with the unburied bodies of the dead, and others crawling among them, who had various degrees of strength, from a bare sufficiency to gasp in death, to those that crawled upon their hands and feet, eating grass like cattle. It is said that they have no weapons of defence except the club, and that in the use of that they are very unskilful. These poor creatures are hunted in the spring of the year, when weak and helpless, by a certain class of men, and when taken, are fattened, carried to Santa Fe, and sold as slaves during their minority. 'A likely girl,' in her teens, brings oftentimes 600, or 800. The males are valued less."

Like all other visitors of that region, Mr. FARNHAM speaks in high terms of the Hudson's Bay Company's management; of their liberal dealings, regular and far-seeing methods, strict conduct towards the Indians, and the hospitality of their agents. Long experience and great wealth enable them to undersell and overbuy all competitors; and they seem to have almost driven the Americans out of the field. The settlements of the Company have been established in the Northern parts for many years; but now they have spread far into the Southern district.

FORT HALL AND ITS HISTORY.

Fort Hall was built by Captain Wyeth, of Boston, in 1832, for the purposes of trade with the Indians in its vicinity. He had taken goods into the lower part of the territory to exchange for salmon. But competition soon drove him from his fisheries to this remote spot; where he hoped to be permitted to purchase furs of the Indians without being molested by the Hudson's Bay Company, whose nearest post was seven hundred miles away.

In this he was disappointed. In pursuance of the avowed doctrine of that Company, that no others have a right to trade in furs West of the Rocky Mountains, whilst the use of capital and their incomparable skill and perseverance can prevent it, they established a fort near him, preceded him, followed him, surrounded him everywhere, and cut the throat of his prosperity with such kindness and politeness, that Wyeth was induced to sell his whole interest, existent and prospective, in Oregon, to his generous but too indefatigable, skilful, and powerful antagonists.

From what I saw and heard of Wyeth's management in Oregon, I was impressed with the belief that he was beyond comparison the most talented business-man from the States that ever established himself in the territory.

The business of this post consists in exchanging blankets, ammunition, guns, tobacco, &c., with the neighbouring Indians, for the skins of the beaver and land otter; and in furnishing White men with traps, horses, saddles, bridles, provisions, &c., to enable them to hunt these animals for the benefit and sole use of the owners, the Hudson's Bay Company. In such cases the horses are borrowed without price; the other articles of the "outfit" sold on credit till the termination of the hunt; and the only security which the Company requires for the return of their animals, is the pledge of honour to that effect, and that the furs taken shall be appropriated at a stipulated price of payment of arrears.

Goods are sold at this establishment 50 per cent lower than at the American posts. White trappers are paid a higher price for their furs than is paid the Indians; are charged less for the goods which they receive in exchange; and are treated in every respect by this shrewd Company with such uniform justice, that the American trappers even are fast leaving the service of their countrymen, for the larger profits and better treatment of British employment. There is also a company of men connected with this fort under the command of an American mountaineer, who, following the various tribes in their migratory expeditions in the adjacent American and Mexican domain, collect whatever furs may chance to be among them.

By these means, and, various others subsidiary to them, the gentlemen in charge of this trading establishment collected, in the summer of 1839, more than thirty packs of the best beaver of the mountains.

HOSPITALITY AT FORT VANCOUVER.

The dining-hall is a spacious room on the second floor, ceiled with pine above and at the sides. In the south-west corner of it is a large close stove giving out sufficient caloric to make it comfortable.

At the end of a table twenty feet in length stands Governor McLaughlin, directing guests and gentlemen from neighbouring posts to their places; and chieftainers, traders, the physicians, clerks, and the farmers, slide respectfully to their places, at distances from the Governor corresponding to the dignity of their rank in the service. Thanks are given to God, and all are seated. Roast beef, and pork, boiled mutton, baked salmon, boiled ham, beets, carrots, turnips, cabbage, and potatoes, and wheaten bread, are tastefully distributed over the table among a dinner-set of elegant Queen's ware, burnished with glittering glasses and decanters of various-coloured Italian wines. Course after course goes round, and the Governor fills his guests and friends; and each gentleman in turn vies with him in diffusing around the board a most generous allowance of viands, wines, and warm fellow-feeling. The cloth and wines are removed together; cigars are lighted; and a strolling smoke about the premises, enlivened by a courteous discussion of some mooted point of natural history or politics, closes the ceremonies of the dinner-hour at Fort Vancouver. These are some of the incidents of life at Vancouver.

CAREFUL MANAGEMENT.

This shrewd Company never allow their territory to be over-trapped. If the annual return from any well-trapped district be less in any year than formerly, they order a less number still to be taken, until the beaver and other fur-bearing animals have time to increase. The income of the Company is thus rendered uniform, and their business perpetual.

THE SOLDIER ASSASSIN.

BY A JAIL CHAPLAIN.

"Show me the life of which some portion is not shrouded in mystery."

DR. CHANNING'S Discourses.

A few weeks after my appointment to the chaplaincy, and before habit had rendered me a calm and suspicious listener to the sad recitals which were continually submitted to me, a committal took place, the particulars attending which riveted my attention then, and have often irritated my curiosity since.

The party was in the prime of life, agile, with a remarkably good address, and a keen, clear, quick eye. The magistrate who convicted him, himself a soldier, expressed his conviction that the prisoner had served in the ranks; and Philip Wingate's military air and martial step in some degree bore out the assertion. But the accused entered into no explanations. He avowed, indeed, to the bench, in firm but respectful terms, his entire innocence of the deed laid to his charge; but he set up no *alibi*; nor did he attempt any counter statement; nor would he, though invited by the committing magistrate, state where he had been on the night and hour when the alleged outrage took place.

The facts were these. A wealthy farmer, not of peculiarly sober habits, or of extremely retentive memory, was robbed on his return from Bottesbury fair. His assailants were three in number, and one of them, he swore most positively, was Wingate.

"One is grieved to commit such a fine fellow as that to a gaoler's discipline," said the presiding magistrate, at the close of the examination; "but the prosecutor's statement is so decided, that he leaves us no alternative."

His brother magistrates assented, and Philip Wingate was led away.

"I never touched the man; have none of his money; never spoke to him in my life," the prisoner asseverated; and from this declaration he never varied.

The assizes came on; and the trial, from the habits of the prosecutor, and the large sum of money of which he had been robbed, excited considerable interest. Wingate was firm and self-possessed throughout. He cross-examined the prosecutor, Basham, with considerable skill; he elicited the material fact, that he had been drinking deeply during the morning of the day on which the robbery was effected; he drew from him an acknowledgment that the evening was far advanced when the scuffle took place; and that "it was neither dark nor light" when his pocket-book was snatched from him. Nay, more, he reminded the prosecuting counsel, a rambling desultory speaker,—that he was not obliged to tell the jury where he was on the day and hour when the robbery took place, and that his silence on this point was no proof of guilt; and further, that his being found, three hours after the occurrence, near the spot where Basham said he had been robbed, did not prove him to be a party to such robbery, supposing it to have taken place. He again asseverated his innocence. The tone, the temper, the tact with which these observations were made had a visible effect upon the judge; while the prisoner's martial bearing, manly voice, and cool, self-sustained deportment carried with him the sympathy of a crowded court. But he gave no explanation, called no witnesses; and the judge, having twice asked him if he had any further statement to make, and having received a respectful negative, proceeded to address the jury. His charge was clear and masterly, and, on the whole, favourable to the prisoner. He dwelt on the admitted intemperate habits of the prosecutor; on the fact that he had been drinking deeply the day he was robbed; on his admission that he had never seen the prisoner prior to the night named in the indictment; and that none of Basham's property had been found in Wingate's possession.

If ever judge was counsel for a prisoner, Baron Garrow was Wingate's counsel on that occasion.

But it availed not!

The jury was composed mainly of farmers, and they, having a wholesome dread of highwaymen, a reverential respect for their greasy pocket-books, and a fellow-feeling for a brother clad "overtaken by a little liquor," returned a verdict of "guilty."

The judge was taken by surprise; but, after a pause, he remarked on the absence of all violence, and dwelt on the extenuating features of the case. Again he paused, as if scarcely reconciled in his own mind to the finding of the jury, and then passed a mitigated sentence of transportation for life.

Wingate left the dock as cool and self-possessed as if nothing had happened.

"I never counted on an acquittal," was his remark; "THE FACT told me that. But now to make the best of matters!"

And he moved away with as firm a step, and as bold a carriage, as if he had been going on parade.

There was a point, however, on which his nerve failed him,—the treadmill; he shook when he approached it!

"And yet," said the gaoler, in mentioning the fact, "it was no new acquaintance; it was merely the renewal of a former intimacy."

"How mean you?"

"I mean this, sir, that Wingate has been upon the mill many a time and oft before to-day."

"That must be mere conjecture."

"By no means. Three minutes make strange discoveries: they will suffice to show the awkwardness of a raw hand, and the ease and skill of an old practitioner. Wingate is the latter; the treadmill is familiar to him: he knows every manœuvre and trick respecting it."

"That surprises me. But he still asserts his innocence?"

"He does, sir, and, in my opinion, truly. I heard the trial—I watched the man closely before and since; and I verily believe he was neither principal nor accomplice in that affair. However, he will pay the penalty; for he starts for the hulks at Portsmouth at seven to-morrow."

That evening he sent for me; and, as a last and particular favour, begged that he might see me alone. His wish was acceded to. He began by thanking me for "the pains I had taken"—they were his own words—"to make him a better man and a better Christian;" and then expressed his "fears that I had thought him sullen and ungrateful," because he was not communicative.

"I could not," he continued, "clear myself in Basham's case without implicating others. I must have delivered up three associates to certain punishment had I said where I was and how employed, when that perjured coward was eased of his pocket-book. I disdained to be a traitor; and cheerfully submit, in preference, to my punishment. But to you, sir, I will make a clean breast. I never robbed that man: but I know who did. I was not far off, for I was poaching; and it was while searching for some game which I had hid, and, like a fool, could not readily find, that the constables apprehended me as the guilty party. But, I repeat, Basham was not molested by me. I never saw him till we met before the magistrate. Poaching has been my ruin—that, and nothing else! My poor father's prophecy is about to be fulfilled, that my gun would banish me from my country and my home for ever."

"My prospects, sir, were at one time good. My father was a small landholder in Nottinghamshire under the Duke of ——. The Duke was partial to him: and proved it by many acts of well-timed assistance. His Grace had for years paid particular attention to agriculture; was himself a practical farmer; liked to see land *clean*; was no bad judge of a fallow; and could tell unerringly from the look of the crop whether labour, or manure, or both, had been stinted on the land. An occupier bent on the improvement of his farm was the Duke's delight. On all these points John Wingate was a tenant to his Grace's mind. But he had another, and still more powerful recommendation. The Duke strictly preserved the game. He liked a gun in none of his tenants' hands. Sporting, and a smock-frock, he held utterly irreconcilable. 'He shoots occasionally,' was a sentence which sealed the dismissal of many a careless, but honest son of the soil. Here my father's claims to pre-eminence was indisputable. That being did not live who could say he had ever seen John Wingate carry a gun! The partridge might nestle among his turnips, and the hare nibble his young wheat, and the pheasant whirr from his thick plantations, fearless of molestation from him."

"Not so his only, and most unfortunate child! I was born a sportsman. From my very childhood I coveted the fame of a 'crack shot.' Chide me,

beat me, deprive me of food or rest—and each and all these punishments have, in turn, been mine—nothing could wean me from field sports. 'It is thy bane, boy,' my poor father used to say; 'it will deprive thee of light and liberty, and all that thy soul holds dear.'

"Ah, sir! if the great were but sensible of the odium which the game laws entail on them; if they could guess the angry feelings, the bitter alienation which they create and keep up between the peasant and the proprietor; if they were aware with what a chafed and exasperated spirit a *land occupier* impresses on his family, that neither he nor any one of his sons can shoot with impunity a single head of that game which has been bred upon his own farm, and has thriven upon the produce of his own toils, they would exterminate the breed from their domain.

"For a time I was wary; but success rendered me incautious: and early one morning, when I had just flushed a covey, I was caught. The keepers were inflexible. They reported me to the Duke. I blame him not. He acted kindly and forbearingly. He sent for my father. He reminded him of the condition—implied, but fully understood, on which all his tenants held their farms. He asked me if I 'denied the charge?' I at once admitted it. He then said that my youth, and my father's worth, should quash the present accusation—he would forget that he had ever heard it: but he warned me of the consequences of any future transgressions. I left him, baffled, vexed, and mortified; but by no means convinced that I was the wrong doer. My father's distress was great, and it moved me. I mentally made a firm resolve: and for days—nay, weeks—I kept it. But the trial was severe. To hear in early morning the guns popping merrily around me; to catch the call of the partridge from the stubble; to rouse 'puss' from her form, and 'so-ho!' her as she scoured gaily down the hedge-row, and all the while within range; in this thicket to put up a pheasant; and in that turnip-field to stumble upon a glorious covey; and to feel all the time that my hands were tied, and my gun useless, and my dog idle—this, to a spirit like mine, was unendurable. Again I ventured: was detected, fined, surcharged, and—disowned by my timid and terror-stricken parent—committed!

"Put him on the treadmill," was the order of the visiting justice: 'nothing finer than the treadmill! brings a fellow at once to his senses: works a thorough cure: he rarely pays us a second visit who has been once on the treadmill!'

"These are remarks glibly uttered, but the conclusion they draw is not borne out by experience. Those who have undergone terms of imprisonment with hard labour, have again and again been housed in their old quarters. Prison returns prove this. As to myself and the wheel, I hardly think I deserved it. One point was clear to me. Magistrates who preserve game are apt to look at poaching through a magnifying glass. They find in it a combination of the seven deadly sins. Their own personal feelings are, unsuspected by themselves, at work on the question. Their thoughts dwell on it till at length they regard poaching as a much more heinous offence than it really is, or than the law views it.

"I was placed on the mill! Its punishment was to reform me. Reform me! It made me irritable, quarrelsome, sullen, savage! Reform me! It merged my thoughts in bodily fatigue and exhaustion. Instead of encouraging me by cheerful employment in prison to seek labour as the means of honest subsistence when I left it, it confirmed me in my hatred to labour by compelling me to submit to it in its most painful, irksome, and exhausting form. And yet there are those who have greater cause to complain of it than myself. If men, young and strong men, sink under its infliction, how can it be expected that women, weak and wretched women, can bear up against it? There are very few of them who can undergo such labour: there is the greatest difficulty in teaching them to be upon the wheel, and escape accident; and frequently have I known women bleed at the nose when first put to the wheel. How many have been caught in the wheel, and maimed by it for life! and yet there are humane and benevolent individuals who contend for it as a proper punishment for women upon prison diet! And the judges wonder, and gaolers complain, that prisoners—their period of confinement completed—leave the prison walls more sullen, callous, hardened, desperate characters than they entered them! The wonder would be if it were otherwise!

"My sentence fulfilled, I sought, for a few hours, my father's roof. He welcomed me with much kindness. No reproof, no taunt, no allusion to the past escaped him: I did not suffer him to remain long in ignorance of my intentions. 'I will not remain at home; it would be your ruin. I cannot subdue this propensity, but it shall not be indulged at your expense. To you I will be burdensome no longer. I will earn my own bread: it shall be as a soldier. Entreaties, expostulations, tears, were not wanting to induce me to alter my resolution. I was firm, and enlisted. I was fortunate in my selection. The 4th was well officered, and it was not long before the education I had received told favourably for me. I could write quickly and legibly; had a thorough knowledge of accounts; some smattering of general information; and, above all, was free from that vice which ruins so many privates—drunkenness. That, through life, I have loathed. I was noticed by those above me; tried in various capacities, and found faithful. Confidence was placed in me, and a vacancy occurring, I was raised to the rank of corporal. Thus far all was well. But while I was congratulating myself on the prospect of an honest livelihood, and hoping that the future would retrieve the past, shame and ignominy were hanging over me. My character was about to receive a wound from which it never recovered.

I had been corporal three months, when a new ensign joined the corps. His name was Cattams. His father had been in business at Manchester, and was wealthy; and his only son, Curtius, was gazetted "ensign by purchase." I can, sir, but indifferently describe him. He might not be, intentionally, a malevolent or malicious man; but never human being possessed more odious peculiarities. The good feeling of the regiment was gone from the very moment he joined it. He was a man of the most restless activity;—ill-directed, and spent on trifles. He had an eye quick at detecting defects, and a tongue singularly apt at exposing them. His temper was immovable: no reply would silence him; no retort irritate him. His perseverance was remarkable. He would again and again return to the point, refer to the "Articles of War," quote "General Orders," and comment on them till the whole mess was roused. As to the men, no irregularity escaped him; and no excuse appeased him. Dress, accoutrements, attitude—all were severely scanned. Poor man! with him, an officer's main duty was to find fault! The results were unavoidable. Punishments became more frequent. The lash was brought more and more into requisition. The men became dispirited; and the officers disunited. The lieutenant-colonel, who had grown gray in his country's service, and had lost an arm in her cause, was heard to say—'Mr. Cattams, discipline in unskilful hands may become tyranny. 'Martinet' is an ugly addition to a man's name. You understand me.'

"But Mr. Cattams either did not or could not understand him; for, a few

days afterwards, a conversation took place at mess, where the commanding-officer is president, and supposed to be a check on all intemperate expressions—this conversation, in its tone somewhat animated and unguarded, Cattams contrived should reach the Horse Guards. An inquiry was made. Some correspondence took place. It issued in an admonition, couched in very gentle and measured terms, but addressed to the lieutenant-colonel. It was sufficient. 'If,' said he 'a beardless boy can draw down reproof upon a white-headed and wounded veteran, it is a sign the service can do without him. The hint shall not be given twice.' He sold out immediately, and his retirement completed the discord of the regiment.

"But I am in advance of my own history. The day prior to our colonel's departure, I had the misfortune to attract the ensign's attention. I had some report—I forget its precise nature now—to make to him. It displeased him both in form and substance; and he settled on me his little, hateful, designing, deceitful-looking eyes. That glance, I knew well, portended mischief. After a pause, he said slowly, 'I have seen you, before, corporal, and that when you did not wear a red coat—I am sure of it, for I never forget features—where could it be?' I made no attempt to assist his memory, for I had a foreboding of evil, and cared not how soon the interview terminated.

"I have it!" said he, after a pause, and with a look of malicious satisfaction that made my blood run riot in my veins. 'I saw you, sirrah, in—county gaol: and watched you as you took your turn on the treadmill! Yes, yes: my recollection is perfect. I was sure I had seen you under other and disgraceful circumstances. To your duty—sir—to your duty.'

"I left him a ruined man. I knew it. I felt it. The future was dark and hopelessly overcast. And to add to the bitterness of my situation, I was *powerless*. Explanation, entreaty, expostulation, all would have been alike unavailing. Forbearance was a word my tormentor knew not. I was at his mercy; and I was sure he would degrade me. Ah, sir," continued Wingate, with visible emotion, "none but those whose position has been so unfortunate can tell the disastrous influence of recognition in after-life, upon a criminal who, from a sense of guilt, has been led to heartfelt penitence and sincere resolutions of future amendment. If a man really repents, he may by steady perseverance and unflinching firmness succeed in gaining the character of a useful member of society; but he will live in constant apprehension of having his good name suddenly and irredeemably forfeited by the recognition of some abandoned fellow-prisoner, or some vain and heartless official. If the penitent's inclination to return to honest courses be not quite decided—if his virtuous resolutions be not thoroughly fixed—that recognition proves fatal. Past delinquencies are exposed; bitter, angry, and revengeful feelings are called up, which would otherwise have slept. The finger of scorn is pointed at him. He is discouraged in his course. References to the past float around him. The progress of reformation slackens: and after a while he ceases to struggle with the calumnies of the slanderous, and becomes vicious, drunken, brutal, reckless."

The wretched man paused from the violence of his feelings; and I could not but mentally acknowledge the truth of the picture he had drawn.

"That day," he resumed, "was a busy and a pleasant day for Ensign Cattams. Before nightfall few in my own division were ignorant of his 'happy discovery.' According to some, I had been tried for sheep-stealing; according to others, for burglary; but be my crime what it might, my influence was over. I was a damaged man. I had been seen on the treadmill—in a felon's dress—and in felons' company. That was sufficient. Name and fame were gone. My authority with the men was impaired. In vain I strove to regain it. My officers looked upon me coldly and suspiciously; and, on a slight instance of forgetfulness occurring—forgetfulness attended with no ill consequences, and trifling in its nature—forgetfulness, which in other days would have been visited only by a slight reproof—it was thought fit that 'marked notice' should be taken of it. I was dismissed from my post of corporal, and reduced to the ranks. The blow did not surprise me. I expected it. But it crushed me to the earth. Thoughts, bitter, burning, and revengeful, took possession of me. Thoughts which the *evil spirit* could alone suggest; and which no dread of after-consequences ever subdued. The discord in the 4th was now at its height, and had attracted the displeasure of the Horse Guards. We were ordered on foreign service; and told pretty plainly that our prospect of returning home was distant. We embarked, and reached our destination on the eve of a general engagement. How I rejoiced at the intelligence! How my heart leapt and my spirits rose at the thought of taking the field! How delightedly I hailed the confirmation of the report. I had reason: for I had long resolved that the very first engagement should rid me of my foe for ever! You start, sir! What are you not aware that thus many a regimental tyrant closes his career! Is it new to you that the severe and cruel officer often perishes by the weapons of his own men? Think you that when a military superior is execrated by those whom he commands, and who are daily writhing under his rule, that such an opportunity will be lost! Oh no! They die—as the public records state—on the 'tented field;' at the head of their regiment; leading on their men; cheering them to victory: they are praised in the commander-in-chief's despatch; and lamented in general orders; and their widows obtain pensions; and their memories a monument in St. Paul's or Westminster Abbey; but they fall by the rifles of their own men!

"Among red coats this is no secret. All officers are well aware of it. Ours were wide awake on the point. The senior captain was heard to say to his junior, 'There is, I am conscious, a very unpleasant feeling afloat in the regiment, and if we go into action the odds are fifty to one against the Manchester-man!' 'He has been warned,' was the cool reply, 'by myself and others; his tactics are peculiar; let him abide by them.' 'Never was there a man,' ran the rejoinder, 'so thoroughly master of the art of making himself detestable!'

"We went into action. Cattams fell early. I was not his only foe. He was pierced by three balls. The surgeon examined him; looked grave; but made no report. Never man fell less lamented. But from that moment I never knew rest. The curse of blood was on me; and he fought against me whom no subterfuge can deceive, and no deed of darkness escape. I had never a cheerful hour afterwards. I might have been happy, for my worldly circumstances improved. My aged father longed for the companionship of his only child, and to secure it, purchased my discharge. 'Come,' were his words, 'and cheer my solitude. Let me see thee before I die. God has prospered me. Come, I am feeble and failing; come to that homestead which will soon be thine.'

"He left me his all. But no blessing went with it. Loss after loss befel me. I knew the cause. The brand of Cain was upon me. 'Ere long I was again a homeless wanderer. I resumed my old pursuits. I took to poaching; and by it earned a fair and, to me, agreeable livelihood. Thus employed, I witnessed,—from a distance,—the spoiling of that drunkard, Basham; but I would betray no associate. There is a stern fidelity which binds those who own

no other tie. Of the offence specially charged against me, I repeat, I am innocent; but I feel that I am a gross offender. Of that I am very sensible. I thank you, sir, heartily and respectfully, for having listened to me. It has been a great relief to me thus to unburden myself of the past. I am not hardened in crime. Oh, no! I constantly pray for pardon; for I feel mine has been no common sin."

What followed needs no mention here. I trust the advice I gave was sound; and I am sure the spirit in which it was received was humble. We parted,—and for ever.

Early the next morning the van started for Portsmouth. On its arrival there it was surrounded by a crowd, among which were several tall, bulky, women. These, as Wingate alighted, pressed around the turnkeys; pinioned one, hustled another, and felled a third; and in the *mêlée* Wingate escaped.

From the rapid and off-hand manner in which his rescue was effected, his deliverers must have been men disguised. I have often tried to trace him; and to discover whether his apparently sincere penitence issued in amendment. But in vain. The lapse of years has thrown no light upon his history.

That Ensign Cattams perished in the manner Wingate described, the surviving officers of his regiment seemed to entertain slight doubt.

NEW YORK, FIFTY-FOUR YEARS AGO, VIZ. 1790.

Gen. Washington's residence in the city; Fashionable Dwellings of that day; Presidential Levees established by Washington; Account of them; Washington visits the Eastern States.

General Washington, after his election as President of the United States, resided in this city about eighteen months, namely, from April 1789 until October 1790, when the seat of Government being removed to Philadelphia, he took leave of New York, and retired for a short time to his seat at Mount Vernon. The house prepared for his reception, and which he at first occupied, as the President's mansion, was the building, corner Cherry-street and Franklin Square now occupied by Messrs. Firth and Hall, as a music store. The President afterwards removed to a new building prepared for him in Broadway by Mr. Macomb, now Bunker's Mansion House.

Pearl-street, from Wall-street to Cherry-street and including some buildings in the latter street was considered "the court end" of the city, fifty or sixty years since. Governor George Clinton's mansion was the large building now standing No. 178 Pearl-street. It was splendid in its day, of Dutch construction. It had a front of five windows in each story; its garden extended through to Water street, which was then on the bank of the East River. The *Walton House*, No. 334 Pearl street, was deemed the nonpareil of the city before the Revolution, and for many years afterwards. It was noted for its splendid display when illuminated in celebration of the repeal of the Stamp Act, in 1766. It is still standing, and has an air of ancient stately grandeur, with its spacious front and tiled roof, balustrades, &c. Formerly its garden extended down to the River.

During the residence of General Washington in New York, he established the custom of holding *Presidents Levees* once a week, namely, on Tuesday, at three o'clock in the afternoon. A President of the United States being in America a new political character, to a great portion of whose time the public was entitled, it became proper to digest a system of conduct to be observed in his intercourse with the world, which would keep in view the duties of his station, without entirely disregarding his personal accommodation, or the course of public opinion. In the interval between his arrival in New York, and entering upon the duties of his office, those most capable of advising on the subject were consulted and some rules were framed by General Washington for his government in these respects. One of these rules being the appointment of levee days, or the allotment of a particular hour for receiving visits not on business, became a subject of much animadversion, particularly by Mr. Jefferson and his democratic friends, who considered the custom as an imitation of the levee days established by the Crowned Heads of Europe.

Doctor Stuart, a gentleman connected with the President in friendship and by Marriage, addressed him a letter, stating the accusations which were commonly circulating in Virginia on various subjects, and especially against the monarchical manners and customs which were introduced by the President and others at the head of the government. In reply to this gentleman, General Washington made the following, among other remarks, in explanation of his course.

"The man who means to commit no wrong will never be guilty of enormities, consequently can never be unwilling to learn what are ascribed to him as foibles. If they are really such, the knowledge of them in a well disposed mind will go half way towards reform. If they are not errors, he can explain and justify the motives of his actions.

"At a distance from the theatre of action, truth is not always related without embellishment and sometimes is entirely perverted, from a misconception of the causes which produced the effects that are the subject of censure.

"Before the custom was established, which now accommodates foreign characters, strangers, and others who from motives of curiosity, respect to the chief magistrate, or any other cause, are induced to call upon me, I was unable to attend to any business whatever. For gentlemen, consulting their own convenience rather than mine, were calling from the time I rose from breakfast, often before—until I sat down to dinner. This, as I resolved not to neglect my public duties, reduced me to the choice of one of these alternatives; either to refuse them *altogether*, or to appropriate a time for the reception of them—The first would I well knew, be disgusting to many; the latter I expected would undergo animadversion from those who would find fault with or without cause. To please every body was impossible. I therefore adopted that line of conduct which combined public advantage with private convenience, and which in my judgment was unexceptionable in itself.

"These visits are entirely optional, and they are made without previous invitation. Between the hours of three or four every Tuesday, I am prepared to receive them; gentlemen, often in great numbers come and go; chat with each other, and act as they please. A porter shows them into the room; and they retire when they choose and without ceremony. At their first entrance, they salute me, and I them, and as many as I can talk to, I do. What pomp there is in all this I am unable to discover; perhaps it consists in not sitting. To this two reasons are opposed; first, it is unusual; secondly, (which is a more substantial one,) because I have no room large enough to contain a third of the chairs which would be sufficient to admit it. If it is supposed that ostentation, or the fashions of courts, (which by the by I believe originate oftener in convenience not to say necessity, than is generally imagined,) gave rise to this custom, I will boldly affirm that no supposition was ever more erroneous; for were I to indulge my own inclinations, every moment that I could withdraw from the fatigues of my station should be spent in retirement. That they are not, proceeds from the sense I entertain of the propriety of giving to every one as *easy access* as consists with that respect which is due to the chair of government;

and that respect, I conceive, is neither to be acquired or preserved, but by maintaining a just medium between much state, and too great familiarity.

"Similar to the above, but of a more familiar and sociable kind, are the visits every Friday afternoon to Mrs. Washington, where I always am. These public meetings, and a dinner once a week to as many as my table will hold, with the references to and from the different departments of state, and other communications with all parts of the union, is as much, if not more, than I am able to undergo; for I have already had within less than a year, two severe attacks; the last worse than the first, a third, it is more than probable will put me to sleep with my father—at what distance this may be, I know not."

At these Levees, the visitor was conducted to the dining room, from which all seats had been removed for the time. On entering he saw the full manly figure of Washington clad in black velvet; his hair in full dress, powdered and gathered behind in a large silk bag, yellow gloves on his hands; holding a cocked hat with a cockade in it, and the edge adorned with a black feather about an inch deep. He wore knee and shoe buckles; and a long sword, with a finely wrought and polished steel hilt, which appeared at the left hip; the coat worn over the sword, so that the hilt, and the part below the folds of the coat behind, where in view. The scabbard was white polished leather.

He stood always in front of the fireplace, with his face towards the door of entrance. The visitor was conducted to him, and he required to have the name so distinctly pronounced that he could hear it. He had the very uncommon faculty of associating a man's name and personal appearance so durably in his memory as to be able to call any one by name who made him a second visit. He received his visitor with a dignified bow, while his hands were so disposed of as to indicate that the salutation was not to be accompanied with shaking hands. This ceremony of shaking hands never occurred in these visits, even with his most near friends, that no distinction might be made.

As visitors came in, they formed a circle around the room. At a quarter past three the door was closed, and the circle was formed for that day. He then began on the right, and spoke to each visitor, calling him by name, and exchanging a few words with him. When he had completed his circuit, he resumed his first position, and the visitors approached him in succession, bowed, and retired.

On the evenings when Mrs. Washington received visitors he did not consider himself as visited. He was then as a private gentleman, dressed in some fancy coloured coat and waistcoat (frequently brown with bright buttons), and black breeches and stockings. He had neither hat nor sword, and moved about among the company, conversing familiarly with them.

The carriage used by General Washington, while in this city, was the most splendid one which had at that time been seen here. It was very large, so as to make four horses seem an almost necessary appendage. The carriage was of English manufacture, of a globular shape, and cream colour, the pannels ornamented with Cupids, supporting festoons and wreaths of flowers.

The President made two visits to the Eastern states, the first in the autumn of 1787 after the adjournment of Congress; the second the following year. He travelled on the former occasion in a post chaise with four horses, in company with mayor Jackson and Mr. Lear, gentlemen of his family; and passed through Connecticut and Massachusetts, as far as Portsmouth in New Hampshire, he returned by a different route to New York, where he arrived on the 13th November, having been absent nearly a month. He went into Boston on horseback, dressed in his old continental uniform, with his hat off.

He did not bow to the spectators as he passed but sat on his horse with a calm, dignified air. He dismounted at the Old State House, now City Hall, and went out on a temporary balcony at the west end; a long procession passed before him, whose salutations he occasionally returned. A triumphal arch was erected across the street at the place and a choir of singers were stationed there.

When Washington came within hearing he was saluted by the voices of the choir, their leader commencing the ode prepared for the occasion; "The Conquering Hero comes."

The President remained in Boston about a week and partook of various public entertainments. On his departure for Portsmouth he showed his regard for punctuality. He gave notice that he should depart at eight o'clock in the morning. He left the door at the moment. The escort not being ready he went without them; they followed and finally overtook him on the way.

In the fall of 1790 the President visited Rhode Island and returned to New York in a sloop. Express.

PROFESSOR HOWARD'S CONCLUDING LECTURE ON PAINTING.—[CONCLUDED.]

In these lectures I have been endeavouring to advocate (as my office requires) the higher styles of Art, but I wish to guard myself against being thought adverse to the more familiar, when they do not descend to the vulgar and revolting. I have already remarked, that Painting, like Poetry, may be allowed its range of styles, from the epic to the doggerel; and his taste must be either narrow or tyrannical who cannot feel and allow their respective claims. Our own school has produced examples of very various kinds, which in many of their best qualities have scarcely ever been surpassed, and such as it would be a reproach not to admire. Whatever is carried nearly as far as its peculiar properties will admit of, is entitled to its share of praise; the artist has accomplished his purpose, and great excellence, in an inferior style, may be preferable to mediocrity in a higher. Yet ours would ill deserve the appellation of a refined and elegant art, if it were generally occupied on low and trivial subjects, and an exclusive fondness for such must lead to its degradation. The legitimate object of all Academies, and their chief utility, I conceive, is to follow and promote its highest aims, to secure its true principles (as they have been deduced from the acknowledged masterworks of all times and countries) against the temporary fluctuations of fashion, caprice, or neglect, and preserve them, as in an ark, for a more propitious era.

The history of Painting has been so amply and ably treated by those who have preceded me in this chair, that I think it unnecessary to enter into any detailed relation of what is known, or supposed, of its rise and progress. Fuseli has brought before the student everything curious or important respecting ancient Art that his learning and industry could glean from the scanty and often improbable accounts that remain, and has referred to all the classic writers who may be consulted on the subject with any advantage; my observations on this head will therefore be very brief, and chiefly introductory to some comments on its present condition and prospects in this country.

Attempts in painting, more or less rude, indigenous or transplanted, have been found wherever civilization has begun to show itself; the first seeds of the art may perhaps originate spontaneously in all countries, from man's instinctive love of imitation. Accidental appearances in Nature, such as stains upon rocks, impressions of forms in the sand, the shapes of clouds, or shadows of ob-

jects on the ground, may in various places have been sufficient to excite his fancy and furnish him with hints for his first rude efforts. The earliest pictures mentioned on good authority are perhaps those of the Canaanites, which Moses was commanded to destroy, three hundred years before the Trojan war; though there are remains of painting and sculpture in Egypt, which, if the learned are right in their conjectures, were produced two or three centuries after the flood, and probably those in the British Museum are nearly as ancient.

Some painted vases found a few years since in the tombs of Etruscan cities, known to have been in ruins before the foundation of Rome, evince a considerable progress in style and composition. But Greece seems to have been the soil pre-eminently suited to the development of the Fine Arts, and in that favoured country they attained a degree of perfection unknown perhaps before or since. Here we may pause for an instant to look back upon the palmy state of our art. The few specimens of ancient painting which remain are almost confined to the decorations of some of the houses at Pompeii and Herculaneum, and of a few Roman tombs, probably works of Greek artists; many of which possess great elegance of design and purity of colour; and if we consider them as the works of provincial decorators, would dispose us to give full credit to what is related of Apelles, Zeuxis, and Parrhasius. But exclusively of these and the vivid descriptions which the writers of antiquity have given of their great works in painting, from the ages of Pericles to that of Alexander and Augustus, the admirable productions of their sculpture still preserved, leave no reasonable doubt that the Greeks equally excelled in the sister art. It is evident that their painters paid a similar attention to style in forms, and successfully cultivated beauty of tone and colour. With these, their powers of invention, composition, and expression were doubtless commensurate, and although they do not appear to have had a decided perception of some of those imposing qualities which give relish and effect to modern painting, various anecdotes prove that they successfully cultivated illusive imitation, and spared no pains in the completion of their pictures. From the philosophical acuteness with which the Greeks investigated the causes and principles of every subject that came before them, it is deeply to be regretted that none of their treatises on Art have reached us. They would probably have thrown much light upon the subject, and it would assuredly have been highly gratifying and instructive to have compared the opinions and doctrines of Pausanias, Apollodorus, and Apelles with those of Da Vinci, Reynolds, and Fuseli.

Painting was held by the Greeks in much higher estimation than it has been by any nation since—and was publicly proclaimed by Alexander to be the chief of the liberal arts. Employed as the ally of religion and government, to commemorate heroic examples, and promote patriotic feeling, its productions, like those of Scripture (which it generally accompanied,) were regarded by that tasteful and sensitive people with enthusiastic delight, and considered above all price. The great artist was looked upon as the property of his country, and one of its chief ornaments; and he showed himself entitled to its affection and veneration by the great moral and social benefits he conferred upon it in return, sharing with its statesmen and philosophers in the cultivation of his fellow citizens. Unhappily Art continued at this elevation for too short a period, and gradually began to sink when the dominion of the world passed into the hands of the Romans. The comparative incompetency or indifference of that people for such refined objects even at the Augustan era is admitted in the well known disclaimer of Virgil; and though Pliny speaks of Painting as having been "early honoured among the Romans," in telling us that it was once a noble art, sought after by kings and nations, he sufficiently shows that it had ceased to be so considered even in his time. I shall not pursue Art to its decline, but hasten to its revival in the Italian States towards the middle of the 13th century, when after a sleep of ages, Painting once more awoke, and again began to challenge admiration. At that period of renovation, the human mind seemed at once to expand, the lights of genius began to appear in every direction, and the whole circle of the liberal arts rose together, like a beautiful constellation, to shed sweet influence on social life. About the close of the 15th century, and during the interesting Cinque-Cento, Leonardo, Michael Angelo, Raffaele, Titian, Correggio, shone out with a splendour perhaps equal to that of the greatest painters of antiquity, and produced such powerful works in their different styles of excellence, as would have done honour to the ancient world, in its most fortunate periods. The princes and people of Italy seem to have welcomed the productions and fostered the talents of these surprising men with delight and affection, and to have assisted with fervour in developing their energies, as if anxious to share in their glories. They employed the arts, as in earlier times, to illustrate religion, adorn the temples and public buildings, perpetuate great events and stimulate patriotic feeling. We find the efforts of painting at this period directed chiefly to elevated subjects; scriptural and profane history, poetry, or the portraits of those great public characters whose actions and talents entitled them to be transmitted to posterity by the pencil of the artist as well as by the pen of the historian.

Having already brought before the student the characteristic excellencies of the fathers of modern painting, I will not here enlarge upon them, but I may notice one fact which seems deserving of remark. Such was the force of genius and of a noble ambition in these great men that they aimed at possessing all the liberal arts in conjunction, painting, sculpture, architecture, poetry and music—while in our degenerate times we seem to have become persuaded, not merely that "one science only will one genius fit," but that painting alone is an art too complicated to be possessed in all its parts by any individual; and that whatever his faculties, the extent of his hope must be to distinguish himself in some one particular division of it, as design, colour, or chiaroscuro. One feels reluctant, however, to receive as a sound conclusion an opinion so degrading as it would appear to the talents of the present age. Painting in those days was still young; much was to be sought out, and it should have appeared a more difficult art then, than now, when we have our great predecessors to guide us, and more leisure to arrange and classify, refine and extend, what they had accumulated; and this was the aim of the celebrated school of the Carracci, which half a century later was established at Bologna. They thought that to carry on and complete the art it was but necessary to unite all the different excellencies of which it had shown itself capable in the works of the most admired painters, and avoid their faults. No man had hitherto been master of all the parts of painting in an equal degree of perfection. Michael Angelo excelled in composition and drawing, but not in colour; Raffaele was distinguished for expression, and grace, but had neither the greatness of style of his rival, nor the sweetness and union of Correggio; and Titian, a perfect colourist, was deficient in form. The theory of the Bolognese appears to point out the only way in which painting can have a prospect of advancing. Fuseli, however, seems to treat their project with some degree of ridicule; and as his opinion has met with opposition, I shall digress a little to inquire into his true meaning, which may afford an opportunity of offering some further hints to the student. The question I think should be, whether or not, on this eclectic principle, painting is likely to acquire an increase of power over the mind or affections, and whether the qua-

lities which the Carracci were anxious to combine do not belong to distinct classes, and are not capable of a closer union without suffering respectively.

A very little experience is sufficient to show that many qualities, in themselves desirable, may be incapable of coalescing, and that what forms the principal charm of one picture may become a blemish in another. The brilliant colour of Paolo Veronese, as I before suggested, so far from assisting the Cartoons, would undoubtedly strip them of all sentiment, and the more subdued hues and imitative truth of Titian would as certainly injure rather than improve the "Last Judgment;" colour could never form any part of its attraction. In works of so elevated an aim, it may be sufficient that the sense is not offended; the graces of the art would be impertinent in what is meant to be sublime. But let us advert to that distinguished eclectic, Rubens, by whom the principle of the Carracci has been carried farther than by any other painter. With extraordinary natural gifts, this great artist had pursued his studies upon the widest scale, and we find him early endeavouring to combine in one splendid system all that he had found admirable in Leonardo and Michael Angelo, in Titian and Correggio, whom he may be said to have rivalled in their different excellencies. But have those energetic compositions of the "Fallen Angels," and others of the same class at Munich, which have been so justly held up to admiration for their marvellous power, surpassed the "Last Judgment" in sublimity or pathos? who is tempted to believe that the latter could have gained any assistance from the florid tints of Rubens! or does not at once see that the sublime repudiates such an alliance!—I say nothing of the inferiority of these works in style of design, for this great mannerist (though he could expatiate on the beauty of the antique) seems to have felt that its simplicity and refinement would not accord with that daring exuberance in which he is always consistent, and is himself alone; nor could he have amalgamated his own artificial style with the pure feeling and affecting expression of Raffaele, and he knew it too well ever to make the attempt. They are obviously "spirits of another sort," and their spheres widely distinct.

It cannot be denied that Rubens has displayed a comprehensive union of technical powers and a more picturesque genius than any other painter; but he has not advanced on the colour of Titian, or the charm of Correggio, or raised the art by any invention of his own. By combining the merits of others in a high degree, he has somewhat enlarged the boundaries of Painting, and seems to have fairly experimented the eclectic system but he has not placed himself at the head of the art. The qualities we admire in the finest works are always relative, and must be measured out in due proportion: by attempting to make them all equally important we weaken the effect of each. Thus it has been observed, that the immense fabric of St. Peter's at Rome appears at first sight neither lofty, nor wide, nor long; the proportions are so justly balanced that you are not struck with its vastness, till you begin to compare its parts with the objects around you. But has not the architect sacrificed character to this supposed accuracy (which might have been beautiful in a smaller building); and has he not employed enormous means to produce an ordinary and inadequate effect! On the contrary, have not the authors of many of our Gothic cathedrals shown more skill and judgment, who by adopting bolder proportions have produced grander effects on a much smaller scale of real magnitude and at much cost? Character, which is the soul of Art, can hardly be obtained without lowering the value of some things in order to give greater importance to others; some predominate principle will always be more striking and effective than an uniformity of qualities, however desirable in themselves. This, I apprehend, was the lesson Fuseli meant to convey. He could not wish to deter the student from endeavouring to acquire in the utmost perfection all the parts of the art, because they cannot always be combined in equal degrees; for no one appreciated more than himself the value of those extensive acquisitions which afford so broad and solid a basis to the art of our great leaders. He could not intend to object to the consistent assemblage of great qualities to be found in the "Transfiguration" of Raffaele, nor to the mode in which that admirable artist aimed at carrying on his studies, uniting in just proportion all the excellencies compatible with his subject. In that great work, according to Mengs, "Raffaele exhibited a new degree of perfection, and opened the true road to art;" but I may add, that he was still advancing in the same direction, and subordinating everything to expression.

To return to history. If the Carracci school did not much extend the boundaries of the art, or add to its power, (unless we except in the twilight sobriety of tone of Lodovico,) it produced a number of very considerable painters, whose names I need not enumerate. The times, however, grew unfavourable to the farther progress of Fine Art. The Popes and other Princes of Italy became less able, or less willing, to adorn churches and palaces with extensive works, and Painting, instead of rising, gradually descended from its height, and accommodated itself to the less elevated taste of wealthy individuals, who became its patrons in the great commercial cities of Europe. Rome, Florence, and Bologna, however, long produced works of a high class, and sank with dignity; while at Venice colour soon became the paramount, or rather only attraction, and technical bravura began everywhere to be accepted as a substitute for mind.—In Germany, Flanders, and Holland, colour, chiaroscuro, and finish were early acquired, and aided by the fascinations of oil painting (which had re-appeared at Burges), were soon found sufficient to attract admiration, though employed on the coarsest and most homely subjects; till at length Painting condescended to luxuriate in transcripts of dunghills and beggars, or the revels of drunken boozers, which, from their great truth, and beauty of execution and effect, found their way into all the collections of Europe. Louis Quatorze was the first among her princes to perceive this degraded state into which the art had fallen, and endeavoured to restore it to its former elevation. He ordered the "Magots" of Teniers to be removed from the royal cabinet, and employed the talents of his countrymen on worthier themes. He founded at Paris an Academy of Arts on a magnificent scale, with an auxiliary establishment at Rome, equally splendid, to which a number of those students who gain prizes in the parent school are annually drafted off, to complete their education among the great works of antiquity and of the Cinque-Cento. To these, on their return to Paris, further encouragement and patronage is immediately afforded, to embark them honourably in the exercise of their profession.

On the many distinguished painters which France has reared by these judicious means I will not here dilate. The name of Poussin, Le Sueur, Le Brun, and many others, will ever do credit to the French school, and furnish valuable examples to the world.

Paris and Rome have long been considered the two great universities of Art, to which students from all parts constantly resort. The other sovereigns of Europe have since perceived the value of such institutions, and have gradually adopted them in their respective dominions. At this time scarcely a principality is to be found on the continent that has not its Academy of Arts, supported by the government with liberality and effect. But let us now glance at the history of Painting in this country, which present so strange a contrast to what I have just stated. Zuccherro and More, Holbien and Vandyke, Lely and

Kneller, helped to introduce the art of portraiture into England, and it found a congenial soil. We know with what success it has since been cultivated; the names of Reynolds and Lawrence may rank with the most eminent in this class, of whatever place or period. In the highest styles of art we have been less fortunate, and various causes have combined to prevent the naturalization among us of what is generally included under the name of "Historical Painting." Rubens has been employed to adorn the Banqueting House at Whitehall, and in other great works, and in the display of his wonderful powers had shown what are the capabilities of the art. In more propitious times the ill-fated Charles (whose taste far exceeded that of any sovereign who had previously filled the English throne) might have drawn forth the talents of the nation in this direction. Guerrio, Laguerre, and other foreign *macchiristi*, subsequently came over to ornament the houses of the nobility with extensive compositions, and their technical powers were considerable. These works being on a large scale, and affording great scope to the imagination, kept alive in some degree the higher qualities of the art, as it rendered necessary a competent study of the human figure, as well as of invention and technical science. Kent and Sir James Thornhill seem to have been the only natives of eminence employed in this way. The latter produced many respectable works at Greenwich and elsewhere, (the copies of the Cartoons around us are by his hand); but this style of decoration soon went out of fashion, and from the reign of Queen Anne to the accession of George the Third, Painting was sinking into the lowest state of neglect, and scarcely produced a single historical effort worthy of record.

Brighter prospects dawned upon Art with the commencement of the reign of George the Third, whose name will descend to posterity as that of the first British monarch whose paternal care was extended to the Fine Arts.

At the request of the principal artists of that period, he adopted them under his protection, and founded the Royal Academy, for the cultivation of Painting, Sculpture, and Architecture, allotted them apartments in his palace of Somerset House for carrying on the shoulds, and, while it was necessary, assisted the Society from his privy purse. He took Mr. West, then just returned from his studies on the continent, under his immediate patronage, allowed him a liberal salary, and employed him to paint an extensive series of historical pictures on a princely scale. It was hoped that this illustrious example, and many of the fine works it gave rise to, would have had a favourable influence on the public taste, but the sovereign and the artists were equally doomed to be disappointed in the result. Another attempt was made some years since by several noblemen and gentlemen to revive and foster historical painting in the establishment of the British Institution, in support of which they raised a considerable subscription, but their laudable endeavours have not hitherto been attended with the success they so well deserved.

It was at the request of these lovers of art and real patriots, that a plan was drawn up by a highly distinguished member of this Academy, which, had it met with the encouragement of the Government to whom it was submitted, must have given a great impulse to the higher styles of painting, and, by this time have done honour to the country, and amply repaid, in its consequences, the trivial sum that would have been annually requisite to carry it into effect. But like all attempts that have hitherto been made in favour of this class of art in England, it proved abortive, and we still remain the only civilized country in Europe that affords no public demand for the great works of painting. How are we to account for this repugnance in the English nation to a species of art, which elsewhere has always been considered one of the most indubitable marks of a highly refined state of the public mind? It cannot be said that the artists have been wanting to themselves, or to their country, in the efforts they have made to assert the noble powers of the British Art and to promote the favourable reception of historical painting. Above seventy years ago some of the principal artists of that time united in presenting to the Foundling Hospital, then recently opened, a series of scriptural pictures. Soon after, Reynolds, West, Dance, and others, made an offer of decorating St. Paul's Cathedral at their own expense, but the offer was declined. Barry, with a noble enthusiasm, undertook and carried into execution the decoration of the great room of the Society of Arts, in the Adelphi, on being provided only with canvas, colours, and models. In fine, this Academy has, for above half a century, supported from its own resources a national school, the only one of its kind for the gratuitous instruction of young artists; and if its success has not been complete it is some consolation to reflect that, under every disadvantage, Art has in many styles made a more rapid progress in England than it ever did in any other country in the same period of time. Great works are not produced, because great works are not wanted. Hence design, the true basis of graphic art ceases to be studied as it deserves, and the deficiency is felt in every branch of it, down to the patterns of our manufactures.

Considering the present unfriendly feeling towards historical art, the student may be disposed to ask, what is to tempt him to enter upon a long and laborious career, which affords so little prospect of encouragement, when patronage and reputation are to be obtained more easily in humbler walks. In reply to this, the best hope I can suggest, is in the recent establishment of our National Gallery, which, viewed as the first recognition on the part of the Government that the art of Painting is deserving the consideration of the country, may be welcomed as a favourable omen; and if the works of the living are not yet thought worthy of being placed side by side with those of the dead, it surely cannot long remain unperceived, that the only mode of stimulating modern Art to rival that of former days, would be the gradual, and select admission, of the best specimens to be obtained at the time present, and not to wait for perfection. Were this adopted, it would infallibly rouse the talents of the country; and if conducted under judicious and impartial regulations, such as may be found suggested in the plan which I have just mentioned, would render it indeed a national gallery, and soon redeem our national credit.

To excel in Art, a portion of enthusiasm is essential, and this cannot be excited by trivial causes. The being appointed to decorate a Capella Sistina and a Vaticana, brought to light the energies, before unknown, of Michael Angelo and Raffaele, for the admiration of their own age and of posterity. Works intended to remain as national monuments will ever awaken considerable powers, and stimulate genius to its utmost exertions.

Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise,
To scorn delights, and live laborious days.

And such noble aspirations would again be called forth by great occasions, and be attended with commensurate results, would lead to the general dissemination of taste, and the gradual formation of a great school. No commercial speculations nor Art-Unions can supply its place. Without public patronage painting can never arrive at any great eminence.

Such encouragement as is wanting here, is now going on to very considerable extent in France, Bavaria, and Prussia. A number of large pictures are annually purchased for the public collections of Paris; and the Historical Gallery, recently formed at Versailles on a grand scale, and devoted to the military

glory of the nation, has already placed Art on a higher elevation there than it occupies anywhere else. The public works now going on in the small town of Munich in the decoration of churches, palaces, and public buildings, is truly surprising, among which there are productions of very marked excellence in the epic style; but any detail of this would contrast too painfully with the neglected condition of Painting here. A gleam of hope, it is true, has just broke forth, in the establishment of a Commission to consider if the New Houses of Parliament in progress may not afford an opportunity for promoting the Arts; and no doubt every lover of art will wish success to their deliberations, and their efforts to retrieve the reputation of the country.

In the absence of sufficient inducement much effort cannot be looked for, yet I would fain believe that some among us may always be found who will love the art, as they love virtue, for its own sake; and support to the utmost its intellectual and moral character and credit.

I am aware that none but strong and well regulated minds will be able to bear up long against the neglect, not to say hostility, which Classical Painting in this country has hitherto been fated to encounter. But high Art was never mercenary. No great works of invention ever were or will be produced from sordid or mercenary motives. They require the artist to be influenced by other and better feelings—a fondness for his vocation, a sense of its capabilities and worth—a wish to be useful in his generation, must be his main incentives.

"The art has fallen on evil days and evil tongues," yet let the student "hold right onward, nor bate one jot of heart and hope." Let him proceed in the noble and determined spirit of Milton. Let him by industry and study endeavour to qualify himself for great undertakings, and be ready, when called upon by happier circumstances, to sustain the honours of his Art, and perhaps help to add to the other glories of England that of a distinguished school of Historical Painting.

ON THE ENGINE THAT RAISED WATER FROM THE EUPHRATES TO SUPPLY THE HANGING GARDENS AT BABYLON.

There is a machine noticed by ancient authors, which probably belongs to this part of our subject, and it is by far the most interesting hydraulic engine mentioned in history. Some circumstances connected with it, are also worthy of notice. It was constructed and used in the most ancient and most splendid city of the postdiluvian world; a city which according to tradition existed like Joppa, before the deluge: viz. BABYLON—a city generally allowed to have been founded by the builders of Babel; subsequently enlarged by Nimrod; extended and beautified by Semiramis; and which reached its acme of unrivaled splendor under Nebuchadnezzar.

The engine which raised the water of the Euphrates to the top of the walls of this city, to supply the pensile or hanging gardens, greatly exceeded in the perpendicular height to which the water was elevated by it, the most famous hydraulic machinery of modern ages; and like most of the works of the remote ancients, it appears to have borne the impress of those mighty intellects, who never suffered any physical impediment to interfere with the accomplishment of their designs; and many of whose works almost induce us to believe that men "were giants in those days." The walls of Babylon, according to Herodotus, i., 178, were 350 feet high! Diodorus Siculus and others make them much less; but the descriptions of them by the latter, it is alleged, were applicable only, after the Persians under Darius Hystaspes retook the city upon its revolt, and demolished, or rather reduced their height to about 50 cubits; whereas the father of history gives their original elevation, and incredible as it may appear, his statement is believed to be correct. He is the oldest author who has described them; and he visited Babylon within one hundred and twenty years of Nebuchadnezzar's death; and four hundred before Diodorus flourished. He has recorded the impressions which at that time, the city made on his mind, in the following words, "its internal beauty and magnificence exceed whatever has come within my knowledge;" and Herodotus, it must be remembered, was well acquainted with the splendid cities of Egypt and the east. Had not the pyramids of Gizee, the temples and tombs of Thebes and Karnac, the artificial lakes and canals of Egypt, the wall of China, the caves of Ellora and Elephanta, &c. come down to our times; descriptions of them by ancient authors, would have been deemed extravagant or fabulous, and their dimensions reduced to assimilate them with the works of modern times: so strongly are we inclined to depreciate the labors of the ancients, whenever they greatly excel our own. According to Berosus, who is quoted by Josephus, Antiq. x, 11, it was Nebuchadnezzar who constructed these gardens, so that the prophet Daniel must have witnessed their erection, and also that of the hydraulic engine; for he was a young man when taken a captive to Babylon in the beginning of Nebuchadnezzar's reign, and he continued there till the death of that monarch and of his successor. Amytis, the wife of Nebuchadnezzar, was a Mede, and as Babylon was situated on an extensive plain, she very sensibly felt the loss of the hills and woods of her native land. To supply this loss in some degree, these famous gardens, in which large forest trees were cultivated, were constructed. They extended in terraces formed one above another to the top of the city walls, and to supply them with the necessary moisture, the engine in question was erected.

As no account of the nature of this machine has been preserved, we are left to conjecture the principle upon which it was constructed, from the only datum afforded, viz: the height to which it raised the water. We can easily conceive how water could have been supplied to the uppermost of these gardens by a series of machines, as now practised in the east to carry water over the highest elevations—but this is always mentioned as a *single* engine, not a series of them. Had its location been determined, that circumstance alone, would have aided materially in the investigation; but we do not certainly know whether it was placed on the highest terrace—on a level with the Euphrates—or at some intermediate elevation. The authors of the Universal History remark, "upon the uppermost of these terraces was a reservoir, supplied by a certain engine, from whence the gardens on the other terraces were supplied." They do not say where the engine itself was located. Rollin places it on the highest part of the gardens: "In the upper terrace there was an engine or kind of pump by which the water was drawn up."

The statement of an engine having been erected at the top is probably correct, for we are not aware that the ancients at that period possessed any machine which, like the forcing pump, projected water *above itself*. Ancient machines, (and every one which we have yet examined, is an example,) did not raise water higher than their own level. But if sucking and forcing pumps were then known and used in Babylon, a period however, anterior to that of their alleged invention, of at least 500 years, still if this engine was placed on the uppermost terrace, both would have been wholly inapplicable. If therefore we incline to the opinion that this engine was a modification of one of those ancient machines, which we have already examined; we are not led to this con-

clusion by supposing the state of the arts in Babylon at the period of its construction, to have been too crude and imperfect to admit of more complex or philosophical apparatus—on the contrary, we know that the Babylonians carried many of the arts to the highest degree of refinement. "They were great contrivers," in this respect, and "fell short of no one nation under the sun, so far from it, that they in a great measure showed the way to every nation besides." Univer. His. Vol. i, 933. Besides, it is certainly more philosophical to suppose this famous engine to have been a modification of some machine, which we have reason to believe was used in Chaldea at that time, and capable of producing the results ascribed to the Babylonian engine, than of any other of which that people possibly knew nothing.

Of all ancient machines, the CHAIN OF POTS was certainly the best adapted for the purpose, and if we mistake not, the only one that could, with any regard to permanency and effect, have been adopted. It stands, and justly so, at the head of all ancient engines for raising water through great elevations; and it may be doubted whether any machine could now be produced better adapted for the hanging gardens of Babylon—either in the economy and simplicity of its construction; durability and effect; or be less liable to derangement, less expensive, or less difficult for ordinary people to repair. The project of raising water through a perpendicular elevation, exceeding three hundred feet, in numerous vessels attached to an endless chain, would probably startle most of our mechanicians; and some might suppose that the weight of so long a chain, if made of iron, would overcome the tenacity of the metal; but almost all the works of the remote ancients partook of the same bold features. Magnitude in some of their MACHINES, is as surprising as in other departments of their labors. Their engineers seem to have carried it to an extent that in modern days, would be considered as verging on the limits of the natural properties of materials.

That the chain of pots was the standard machine for raising water in quantities from great depths would appear from Vitruvius, since it is the only one adapted for that purpose which he has described, except the "machine of Ctesibius;" and as he professes to give an account of the "various machines for raising water," and his profession as a civil engineer would necessarily render him familiar with the best of them, it is clear that he was ignorant of any other having been in previous use. That the engine at Babylon was no other than the chain of pots, may be inferred from the employment of the latter in Joseph's well, where it raises water to an elevation nearly equal to that ascribed to the former; and if the subject were of sufficient interest, we think a connection might be traced between them, if Joseph's well be, as supposed, a relic of Egyptian Babylon. Both Egypt and Chaldea were subject to the same monarch at the time that city was built. Twenty-two or three years only had elapsed after Nebuchadnezzar's death when Cyrus took Babylon, and with it the empire; and nine years after he was succeeded by his son Cambyses, who when in Egypt, it is alleged, founded a city on the site of modern Cairo, and named it after old Babylon. Cambyses reigned seven years and five months. If, therefore, the Babylonian machine was superior to the "chain of pots," (and it must have been, if it differed at all from the latter, for otherwise it would not have been selected,) then it would, we think, as a matter of course, have been adopted also in Joseph's well, in which the water was required to be elevated to about the same height as in the hanging gardens. Besides, if it possessed peculiar advantages, it would certainly have been preserved in use, as well as the chain of pots, for the wealth, comfort, and even existence of the people of the east, have at all times depended too much upon such machines to suffer any valuable one to be lost.

But was the chain of this machine formed of metal, or of ropes? Of the latter we have no doubt. They are generally made of flax or fibres of the palm tree at the present day over all the east. In great elevations, chains of rope possess important advantages over those of metal, in their superior lightness, being free from corrosion, and the facility of repairing them. But by far the most interesting problem connected with the Babylonian engine is, was the water of the Euphrates raised by it to the highest terrace at a SINGLE LIFT? If we had not been informed of one reservoir only, on the upper terrace "from whence the gardens on the others were watered," we should have supposed the water really raised as in Joseph's well, i. e. by two, or even more separate chains; and as it is, we cannot believe that so ingenious a people as the Babylonians would raise the whole of the water which the gardens required to the uppermost terrace, when the greatest portion of it was not wanted half so high. As the size of the terraces diminished as they approached the top of the walls, it is probable that full two thirds of the water was consumed within one hundred feet of the ground. We therefore conclude that this famous engine was composed of at least two, and probably more, separate chains of pots; and even then, it might with as much propriety, be noticed by ancient authors as a single machine, as that at Cairo still is, by all modern travellers. Winkelman says, the famous gardens at Babylon had canals, some of "which were supplied by pumps and other engines." And Kircher in his *Turris Babel*, 1679, represents fountains and jets d'eau on every terrace.

JANEE, THE BELOOCHEE.

A SKETCH FROM LIFE. BY MRS. POSTANS.

There is, doubtless, much of dark crime and very varied evil in a barbarous state of society; but still there is an interest, a picturesqueness, a freshness about it, that leads the mind to linger over its records, and be at times spell-bound with its details; and thus it is that legends, with their graceful poetry,—the feudal times, with their histories of rude achievements,—even the bandit chief, with his lawless followers, possess a certain charm, and we love to trace the acts of those who, in all times, seem to have been born to perform more than their fellows of either good or evil, and to have held only as excitements to daring deeds those obstacles which would serve as certain checks to possessors of less energy than themselves.

Janee the Beloochee, had a spirit of this description, and, although neither chief nor warrior, nor aught, indeed, but a daring freebooter of the plains, his history has a romance in it which tempts me to become its chronicler.

My first personal acquaintance with Janee was made on a visit I paid him, when he had become a prisoner at Shikarpoor, in Upper Sindh; and as we commonly form the idea of there being necessarily some resemblance between an actor and the character of his acts, I was prepared to see a large powerful man; on the contrary, however, Janee was short in stature, although athletic in form; but his wild, flashing eye, long waving hair, heavy turban, and full cotton dress, marked him as the Beloochee outlaw of the plains of Cutchee, and distinguished him among the crowd of Sindhians in which he stood.

Long had Janee been the curse of the low country; violence, bloodshed and plunder had marked his path and neither youth nor age found a protection against his sword. He prided himself on his crimes; and as the result of his zeal in evil doing, at the name of Janee the peasant trembled, and lift-

ed his hands to Heaven; the smiling infant nestled closer to its mother, and the grey haired elder, with streaming eyes, invoked the aid of Allah.

For some six months before chance procured me this introduction to one of the worst and most daring men of his time and country, Janee had been chased from village to village, from lair to lair, by our cavalry; but the Beloochee robber owned a favourite mare, of the true Khorasan breed, fleet and sure, and on her he never failed to distance all pursuit. Janee's confidence in this high-bred favourite never failed, and often when, with correct information of his goings, our troops have vigorously followed him up, they have seen the outlaw quietly walking beside his mare, even when aware of an enemy on his track. Before, however, they could reach him he has sprung into his saddle, made a low salaam to our troops, struck his bare heels into the mare's flanks, and, with a wild ringing yell, has disappeared like a speck in the distance.

The very day before Janee gave himself up to the political authorities, he performed a sufficiently characteristic feat. In a vain chase against him, twenty-eight horses of the irregular cavalry had been placed *hors du combat*, and severely wounded. The day's work ended, as usual, in the escape of Janee, and the return of our people to their post; but during the night, four of the sowars, who remembered with grief the loss of the accoutrements belonging to the slain horses, determined to go forth and recover what they could. Janee's knowledge of native character had led him to a conclusion of what their course would be, and, guided by this, he quietly stole back, accompanied by a friend, to lie *perdue* for the visitors. The doomed sowars arrived; but, while in fearless confidence they proceeded to regain their property, Janee sprang on them: the men were cut to pieces, and, the following morning, his sword and garments covered with the blood of the slain, Janee surrendered himself to our power, triumphantly boasting of his prowess. British generosity saved him from the fate he had so richly earned, and his submission was accepted.

To have captured Janee would, I believe, have been impossible; but he was weary of being hunted over the plains of Cutchee, harassed on every side, and deserted by many friends; knowing, therefore, that he was unable to continue his system of foray, he thought it wiser thus to surrender, and make it a ground of claim for mercy. As our prisoner, he was condemned to labour; but the wild marauder of the desert refused submission to this mandate, and stood on his prison floor, fettered, it is true, but as free in spirit, and as daring in independence, as ever.

It would never have been difficult for Janee to prove an *alibi*; for if ever human being seemed to have been gifted with ubiquity, it was he. Frequently would he at night plunder a village, and in the morning he might be seen sixty miles away. This capability he owed to his beautiful mare, who, he boasted, could in one *dour* (journey) compass the distance between Sindh and Seistan, and yet she always looked starved, hollow-eyed, and gaunt, and although adorned with a gay crimson saddle-cloth, and an abundance of blue bead necklaces, was quite unacquainted with the nature of a curry-comb and brush, and was usually fed on the same food as her master,—coarse grain, a few dates, occasionally a little opium, and now and then a slice of uncooked mutton, when extraordinary exertion was required. Janee owed too much to his mare not to love her as a true companion, who had worked for and with him, and when compelled to yield her up, together with his arms, he lamented her loss more, perhaps, than he would that of the dearest friend who had ever burnt villages or rifled granaries in his company.

Wild and strange were the histories which Janee would sometimes tell of his plans and their success; of the terror of villagers, who would place food for him beneath the trees he required to pass in a nightly foray; of the keenness of the blade that never gave a second blow, and of his skill in driving off camels, by pricking the flying animals along with his sword, and thus securing thirty at a time. Truly was Ismael cursed as a wild man, "whose hand was against every man, and every man's hand against him," and precisely the same character of offence and defence now exists between predatory heroes such as Janee, and the cultivators, their helpless victims.

There is in all this nothing very strange or novel, except to the mind unaccustomed to consider man in his original, or semi-barbarous state, or otherwise indeed than as a dweller in cities, and governed by social laws; for from the beginning the strong man oppressed the weak, and the armed robber was ever willing to draw a subsistence from the flocks and corn-fields of the cultivator.

Deprived of his mare, his sword, his shield, the wide plain, and the free air, Janee remained for months fettered and guarded; but he was not forgotten by the companions of his evil deeds. Day after day, those of his tribe,—tall, powerful men, armed with sword, shield, and match-lock; their fierce eyes flashing with ill-controlled passions; their matted hair flying loose beneath their ponderous turbans, and their bony tattoos drooping from the long and rapid journey they had made from some distant fastness,—came to demand their leader's freedom, not in terms humble and meek, but with a threatening mien and fear-inspiring aspect. "Give us Janee!" was the demand. "You will not! then look to yourselves, for, by the beards of our fathers, we will come and take him! Inshallah! what is this, that the son of the desert should be bound by the Feringees! We have swords and horses, and our brother shall be ours; the world is large, and we are not lame!" and, with a laugh of loud defiance, Rakmut and his friends would mount their tattoos, strike their heels violently into their horses' flanks, and scour like a whirlwind across the plain.

These threats made it necessary to remove Janee, and at midnight, guarded by a party of soldiers, the Beloochee robber was conveyed to the fortress of Bukkur for better security, and remained there until a political change opened the prison door and offered him terms of friendship and alliance. I was unaware of this arrangement, and was reading one day in my usual sitting-room, when a person announced "Janee, the Beloochee, to make his salaam." He was a morning visitor I was certainly unprepared for, but I conclude that a sort of instantaneous terror which then seized me, as I thought of his fearful deeds of blood and violence, of his merciless character, and of the supposed wrongs he might find reason for repaying, made me unusually courteous in my demeanour, for Janee at once seated himself most sociably, with one foot drawn up on the chair, and his arm around his knee, as much at his ease as if he had been counting plunder, or driving off camels by the score.

I had seen many Beloochee swords, captured in various skirmishes, and among them that of Janee, which now hung to a gaily-ornamented belt of Cabool leather across his shoulder, and I had heard him glory in the fact, even while the fetters were on his wrists, that the Feringee had not hunted him down until he had slain his hundredth victim, which placed him on the pinnacle of admiration among his tribe; but the weapon had appeared always to be so strange of form, so broad and curved, that its manner of exercise puzzled me extremely. No better authority than Janee's however, could be had, and I therefore, in the course of conversation, begged him to shew me how he used the deadly blade. Leaping up with fierce delight at the request, he snatched it rapidly from its scabbard, whirled it thrice over his head, and then drew it round with a circular sweep, which he intended should include the idea of a victim's head. I in-

quired if he never gave a second blow, and he smiled deridingly at the question. "If it please you," he said, "to call fire men here, *Inshallah!* with one blow, I will cut off all their heads;" and, as if in sport, he took a sheet of tissue paper from the table, suffered it to fall from his grasp, and severed it in two before it reached the ground. It was a Saladin-like feat, and carried conviction of the keenness of his steel.

And so, as a man of peace, his new-born virtues guaranteed by a comfortable "consideration," Janee went his way, self-constituted guardian of the house of a British officer that stood on the wide desert, which had been the scene of the robber's many forays. Here, he was domestic for a while, and sat, as the bright evening sun went down behind the distant hills, on a prayer-carpet upon the house-top, smoking a kaleoon, in quiet consideration of whether or not honesty were indeed the better policy, and then he would sigh heavily, move restlessly to and fro, and try the priming of his matchlock, as his attention was called to the flocks and herds coming in from feeding among the hills; and when, at times, a fatter sheep or a larger goat than usual would pass by the converted robber sent down to request it as a present, the name and form of Janee insuring him against refusal.

Once, an officer of ours spent a day with Janee, resting there, as he crossed the desert, and in the spirit of Eastern courtesy, at sunset, Janee proceeded to "bring him on his way;" but as they journeyed, the party encountered a Parsee dealer, one of those venturesome speculators who guarded pale ale and brandy through the tribes of the Bolan, to sell their goods at a hundred per cent. profit to thirsty souls at Quetta, and Janee saw that the merchant was escorted by some of his own tribe, men who would not fail him when their aid was needed. So, speedily making a *salam aleikoum* to his guest, the tempted robber turned, struck his stirrups deeply into the flanks of his restored favourite, and was soon far across the plain. The following day, the poor Parsee was found a mangled corpse upon the desert, his travelling-bags sacked, his camels driven off, and broken champagne bottles scattered about upon the arid soil.

A succession of backslidings into his original habits first caused suspicion, and then accusation to be fixed on Janee; his salary was stopped; the robber fled, and a price was set upon his head. Again, cavalry pursued his track; spies were paid highly for information on his whereabouts, and the villagers, who had been injured, were bribed to seek revenge. Janee, however, was not to be so trapped; vestiges of him were to be found, 'tis true;—a heap of smoking ashes, late a peaceful village,—here and there a slaughtered family,—flocks, too numerous to be driven off, lying weltering in their blood upon the plain; such were the horrors that spoke of the hand of Janee; but his track was nowhere to be seen.

On one occasion, such very correct information had been given of Janee's locality, that our cavalry, both regular and irregular, were on the game, and the sound of our horses' hoofs rung on the ears of Janee and his band as they tethered their mares, in readiness to commence the plunder of a village. Janee saw that escape was hopeless, and, as his sole resource, he called the head man of the place, and directed him instantly to conceal him under pain of the most fearful vengeance. Terrified into submission, and well knowing that, if the robber were taken, no protection would be left for the village, which would immediately be sacked and destroyed by Janee's tribe, and the inhabitants slaughtered in the most savage way, the unfortunate villager led the robbers into a field of tall jowarree, and heaped over them the newly-cut sheaves of grain. The mares, unsaddled and deprived of their gay Belooche trappings, were turned loose to wander through the village, and when the pursuers came up, their horses harassed, and the men half-dead with following the robber from night till morn, the villager rushed out, apparently breathless with fear and haste, and shrieking forth—"On, on! in the name of Allah, on, or he will escape you!" the misled troops galloped furiously through the village, and away to the trees shading the distant well, while Janee, stealing forth, mounted his mare, and ere his pursuers turned, was many a mile in their rear.

On a second occasion, a spy, himself a Belooche, but of another tribe, gave information that, at midnight, Janee with his companions, Rakmut and Itabar, would rest in a certain village which he would point out. The troops soon mounted, and moved swiftly but silently across the moonlit plain, following the wild-looking Belooche and bony tattoo that led them on. The village now in sight, the horsemen draw bridle, and at a foot's pace stealthily surround the huts. All is silent; the moon-beams fall on the broad leaves of the banian and acacia trees, in a flood as rich as it had been of sun-light, so pure and bright is the atmosphere of tropic lands, while the flocks and herds lay amicably together hushed in deep sleep, and, in the little enclosures before the cottage doors, lay on their rude bedsteads, covered face and form with thick goats'-hair cloaks, the shepherds who had tended them. All was still, when suddenly the Belooche turned, and pointed his matchlock at a hut; before its door stood the well-known steeds whose speed and power had so often baffled their pursuers; a curse is on the lips of the foremost horseman, but it is lost in a smile of triumph, as he looks around and sees the disposal of his men. Pistol in hand, he springs from his saddle, and flings back the door of the hut. Reclining by a wood fire, his turban laid aside, his long shaggy hair hanging around his face, his dark keen eyes sparkling with excitement, and his lips parted with a smile of triumph, sits Janee, the Belooche. He is relating some tale of wild exploit to his companions, who gaze eagerly on his face, interrupting his narrative with exclamations of wild and savage glee. The scene is novel, strange, and picturesque, and the horseman pauses, ere he seizes his prey; but in that moment is loss, discomfiture, dismay. Janee turns towards the door; he springs on his feet, his sword is whirled around his head, in bold defiance, and uttering a loud curse against the Feringees, he dashes past the horseman, and gains the threshold of the hut. Two sowars are wounded, and Janee is in his saddle; he flies across the plain; the horsemen follow fast; but Janee turns, and fires his matchlock against the body of his pursuers—the foremost falls. "Fire! fire!" is now the cry; "spare him not! bring down the miscreant at any cost!" echoes on every side; pistols are discharged in rapid succession, and the goaded horses spring madly on; but Janee escapes them all, and a hand gallop brings him to the fastnesses of the hills, where he knows they dare not follow him.

And Janee, too, like many other reckless spirits, had his admirers among the softer sex; for the fair Belooche maidens love daring and independence, and they are too much accustomed to embroider powder-pouches and sword-belts, to load the machlock, and to hold the stirrup of their brothers in a tribe, to care much whether they depart for a journey or a foray; and as the result of this training, although Janee was, in our eyes, a robber, murderer, and outlaw, in theirs he was the very pink of courage and chivalry, the Bayard of his times and country; and as he was wont at times, even in his most savage humour, to spare the beautiful, and make them the companions of his homeward journeys, no Belooche in the whole land was personally so much adorned with characteristic and warlike ornament, while, Belooche morality not being of a remarkably pure kind, the fair ladies loved him rather the better, I fear, for his reputed

gallantries; yet the *tendresse* of the sex sometimes stands a man in good stead when placed in difficulties where extrication seems impossible, and so it proved to Janee.

It was the eve of a Mohamedan festival, and half the musicians and natch girls in the country were to assemble on the morrow, at a thick jungle of wild cypress and tamarind trees. Many women were to be there, and crowds of fakirs warriors, and others. The news went abroad also that Janee would be at the fete; for among some of the fair daughters of the tribes was one who particularly found favour in his sight, and it needed some powerful reason to draw the outlaw from concealment which our chase of him had rendered necessary.

The day wore on,—a bright, burning day—while, within the village, and below the spreading trees shading each hut, groups of women might be seen, seated on rude *charpois* (bedsteads), each with a metal comb and a small mirror, arranging her dark tresses, adorning her nostril and ears with bunches of small turquois, putting in order the long blue cotton garment which forms a Belooche lady's loose and not becoming garb, and chattering incessantly on the most trivial topics, for the less people know, the more they talk; at least it is so in the East.

Beyond the village, all was still, save that, here and there, a horseman crossed towards the jungle, or a small column of sand rose high into the sultry air. An hour before sunset, however, the scene was rife with animation; tom-toms and setarrs were sounding among the huts; carts drawn by fine bullocks and covered with canopies of crimson cloth were winding round the village; the natch girls were arranging their veils and ornaments, in readiness for the exhibition, while huge vessels, smoking with every promise of good cheer, might be seen beneath the trees: some of the Brahooe tents of black felt were there too with camels, gaily-caparisoned horses, and armed warriors in abundance; and there, even as they had said, beneath one of these small tents, sat Janee, the Belooche, his glossy hair falling in massive ringlets on his shoulder, his white cotton robe covered with gay belts of embroidered leather (the celebrated shagreen of Cabool), his matchlock laid aside, and his bearing that of a man of peace, a festal visitor; by his side, stood a Belooche girl, tall and stately of figure as they in common are; she was the daughter of a chief, and the outlaw loved her, but her father being powerful Janee dared not outrage him by the seizure of his child.

And thus the festival went on; mirth and music, dancing and tale-telling made the hours fly fast until midnight, when the galloping of horse was heard, and terror seized on every heart for there were babes and women, unarmed men, while the horses were wandering far, and rescue was hopeless. Then, indeed did shrieks rend the air, and consternation had gained its height, when the officer, in charge of the party who had so alarmed them, demanded the person of Janee. A terrified woman pointed to the tent, and a party instantly rushed towards it. A moment after, the door was raised, and face to face with his pursuers stood the outlaw, his bright blade raised in act to strike and his dark eye flashing with the wild light of a furious animal at bay. Behind him, her form raised to its utmost height, and her eyes glaring in agonized terror upon our soldiery, stood the Belooche girl, and, as if the presence of woman had ever the effect of softening man's most terrible passions, a general cry was heard of, "Do not fire! hurt not the girl! forward, and seize him!" But again, in this, most desperate of his chances, some genius, who seems especially to favour villainy preserved the outlaw; for ere the foremost man could advance one step, the girl had loosened the pole of the tent, which fell to the ground, enveloping Janee in its folds, and before the mass was lifted, the Belooche woman stood alone, for her companion had crept from beneath its opposite side and fled into the jungle.

For months, Janee continued to defy pursuit, and seemed to glory in his power of evading every means to take him, for rather than shunning our troops, the outlaw seemed to delight in gaining intelligence of their movements, and being before them in their march leaving a smoking village, plundered fields, or murdered peasants, as evidence of his near escape. The price set upon his head did little towards securing him, for so strong was the dread of vengeance in the minds of some, and so powerful the attachment to him in others, that the peaceful and the violent were alike his protectors, and the Belooche, who would have betrayed Janee, might have reckoned his days as few.

The time, however, was at hand when a doom, as fearful as any he had brought upon his victims, fell upon the outlaw, and that by a chance of very peculiar character. A daring gallant friend of Janee's, and one of his own tribe, had for his wife a woman of great courage, much personal beauty, but very questionable conduct. This woman had formed a *liaison* with Janee, of which his companion, Rakmut, was the confidant. It was whispered into the jealous ear of Belooche Khan, that the wife, whom he had loved and trusted, was the paramour of the hunted outlaw, and that, on the morrow, while they dreamed him far distant on a foray, the lovers would meet, even under the roof that now sheltered him. The wild demon of revenge seized upon the heart of the injured husband; "they shall meet," said he, "but, by Allah! they shall part not; that shall be my care, and the Feringees shall share the triumph with me!" It took but a brief space to gallop across the plain, and reach the nearest European post; and, their plans concerted, Belooche Khan returned, ostensibly to take his way towards the hill, while his wife adorning herself with all the care that vanity so often tenders to beauty, anxiously awaited the coming of the outlaw. And now, reclining in confident security within the hut the doomed ones laugh merrily, and the kaleoon passes swiftly round: but a noise is heard of hoofs, and the loud halloos of many voices. Janee and Rakmut spring to their feet and rush towards the door, but it is barricaded from without; they try the windows—they are surrounded with armed men. The wife looks forth, frantic with agony, and her gaze fell on the savage countenance of her infuriated husband. She knows that all is lost, and casts her arms around her lover, dragging him with her to the ground, lest the stray pistol-shots should harm him. The crowd call loudly for Janee to surrender; but Rakmut darts forward, and, placing himself against the door, dares their enemies to approach. And now follows a strange and ominous silence, lasting, however but a brief space; and then arise loud savage yells of triumph, for revenge is sure. Belooche Khan and his friends have fired the roof of the sheltering hut, while above, around, green-wood smoke curls, circling in suffocating vapor these guilty ones, who now crouch together, momentarily expecting death. The crowd without retire; a second more, and with a loud crash, the frail tenement falls together, a funeral pyre—a burning monument of their savage triumph!

So died Janee, the Belooche; and, by his fall the hapless country, which had been the scene of his long daring and cruel violence, was relieved as from a curse; the trembling cultivator went forth in peace, and no more did the aged and helpless, catching at our horsemen's stirrups, beseech them to linger in their village, or, with streaming eyes and passionate prayer, shriek forth, "Oh, save us from Janee, the Belooche!"

For the Anglo American.

Who has not been filled with wonder, when reflecting on that intimate acquaintance with human nature which so eminently characterizes the Dramatic compositions of Shakspeare? Or who can describe that calm delight which we experience while perusing the "divine epic" of him whose equals can only be found in a Dante, a Virgil, or a Homer?

Scott, too, with his accurate description of natural scenery, his smooth verse, and his romantic imagination, fills the soul with a succession of pleasurable emotions that can only be augmented by

"A Byron's ease and dignity of thought,
Partaking more of Heaven than of earth."

What merit, however, can we claim for ourselves in praising the beauties of these celebrated poets; beauties which we ourselves did not discover, but designated as such from our proneness to follow public opinion? If, therefore, public opinion is liable to error, it is evident that it may not only condemn good poetry, but even bestow an unjust praise upon the indifferent. May it be my glory, then, to rescue from oblivion a few stanzas from an author whose name (if ever discovered) is, perhaps, yet destined to descend to posterity, exalted to that rank, of which it has been so unjustly deprived.

Lucy had a little lamb,
Its fleece was white as snow,
And every where that Lucy went,
The lamb was sure to go.
She followed her to school one day;
That was against the rule;
It made the children laugh and play,
To see a lamb at school.
And so the teacher turned her out,
But still she lingered near;
And waited patiently about,
Till Lucy did appear.

Examine, fair reader, this beautiful specimen of poetry; such elegance, such grace of expression, could surely never have come from human lips! Observe the connection between the lines; how naturally does the one glide into the other! What labour they evince in their construction, and how gorgeous the imagery which the composer has so artfully introduced! Who, after penning such bewitching strains, could sit calmly down to a copy of Wordsworth! Who feel any delight in reading the lofty Byron, or endure for a single moment,

"Pope's laboured verse or Scott's insipid muse."

These varied beauties, and a desire that such poetry should not be lost to that portion of the world who do not speak "in that tongue of poesy and of richest harmony," commonly called the English, have persuaded me to attempt a Latin version.

It is much to be regretted, that, in translating, that "native beauty" which forms the chief point of excellence in the original, must of necessity disappear; yet I hope, by the aid of a "favouring muse," to be able to afford some idea of the superior merit that this composition possesses over all others, whether ancient or modern.

Balanteu tenuit Lucia parvam,
Cui nive candidior lana caduca;
Cursum quo voluit tendere virgo,
Præter eam ludens agna saliret.
Illa domum studii sustulit agnam,
Quamvis oves studiis regula clausit;
Quandoque agna domi parva videtur,
Tunc pueri rident atque puellæ.
Hinc rigidi virgæ pulsa magistri,
Atque moras reliquo tempore nectens,
Continuo patiens illa remansit,
Et dominam rursus vidit amatam.

QUIRIS.

LATER FROM YUCATAN.

By the brig Delaware, Capt. Ross, from Sisal May 28th we have Merida papers to the 26th, inclusive.

The Mexican troops who capitulated at Tixpeul on the 23rd of April, (near 2000 in number,) had all embarked for home prior to the 26th ult.

The departure of the Mexican prisoners, left the army of the North at liberty to march for Campeachy, to assist in defending that place and expelling the main division of the invaders. Battalion No. 16 left Merida for that destination on the 21st ult.

The action of the 17th ult. (mentioned in our last accounts,) in which the Mexicans attempted to occupy the houses in the San Roman suburb of Campeachy resulted in their defeat, with the loss of about 300 men.

The Texian and Yucatan navies were on the 25th ult. in a complete state of repair, and ready for action.

Charles Gauns and Edward Dickinson, English officers of a Mexican steamer who were captured at Telchac, petitioned the Governor of Yucatan on the 17th ult. to be allowed to return to Mexico on the same footing as the Mexican troops who capitulated at Tixpeaul. The petitioners at the date mentioned, were in prison at Merida. They represent their necessities to be very scantily supplied, both in respect to food and clothing.

CAMPEACHY, May 22.—A little after day light this morning, the enemy fired a bomb upon the town. This provocation induced one of our vessels of war to fire upon the point San Fernando, San Lazaro, and Buenavista. The firing commenced about 9 o'clock, and continued till near 11. The enemy, in revenge, besides answering said fire with its artillery from the Eminence continued to discharge a great number of bombs, which however occasioned no loss of life, but only damaged the buildings upon which they happened to fall.

A sapper of the invading army who deserted to-day from San Lazaro, has presented himself this evening, but communicates nothing new.

Last night Col. Gamboa arrived here, with the detachment under his command. They bring the hostages left by the Mexican forces who capitulated at Tixpeaul, as a guarantee that they would go to Tampico, and not to Lerna. Said capitulating forces have already embarked and sailed.

CAMPEACHY, May 23d.—The enemy has remained in his positions to-day,

without committing any act of hostility against the town. The letters (says the Merida Bulletin of the 25th,) add nothing of importance to the above, except that it seems the enemy has abandoned the points San Lazaro and San Fernando; for notwithstanding the shots which one of our launches directed against them, not a gun was fired in return, nor was a man to be seen.

CAMPEACHY, May 24.—Within the last 24 hours, two deserters from the enemy have arrived. The news which they bring is only a corroboration of what we had before learned.

Foreign Summary.

Among the articles disposed of in the eight day's sale of Lord Berwick's library, was a copy of "Magna Charta," printed on vellum in letters of gold, with portraits of King John and his barons; with the Duke of York's speech against the Catholic Relief Bill, printed on vellum in letters of gold, in one volume, in a morocco case, with lock and key. Fol. 1816. This copy was executed for a royal personage, and was bought by Pickering for £58.

The whole of the Royal Yacht Club who intend to keep the summer in England purpose to attend her Majesty in her progress across St George's Channel, on her visit to Ireland in July next.

On Monday evening last, Mr. Van Amburgh's elephant left Aylesbury on foot on its rout to Amersham. On arriving at Missenden turnpike the gate-keeper closed the gate against the elephant, and refused to let it pass, in consequence of the keeper refusing to pay more toll for the elephant than was demanded for a horse. The keeper then left, and proceeded on his journey alone, but had not gone far when the elephant, to the astonishment of the turnpike-keeper, tore the gate from the hinges, and quickly followed the keeper.

Bucks Gazette.

THE LEGION OF HONOUR.—The National states that there have been as many decorations of the Legion of Honour distributed within the 12 years of the peaceable reign of Louis Philippe as under the 15 years of the wars of the consulate and the empire. If we deduct from the population, adds the National, the contingent of women and children, we shall find that the 49,678 legionaries represent in the 12th year of the reign of peace at any rate, one decorated man out of every 300.

ROCK SALT.—Rock salt is more abundant in Cheshire, than in any other part of great Great Britain, where the deposits lie along the line of the valley of the River Weaver, in small patches, about Norwich. The salt was accidentally discovered in the year 1670, in sinking a coal pit at Marbury, about a mile from Northwich; about 60,000 tons are annually taken from the pits in the vicinity of the town. There are two beds of rock salt, lying beneath forty yards of coloured marls, in which no traces of organic remains occur; the upper bed is twenty-five yards thick, and is separated from the lower one by ten yards and a half of coloured marls, similar to the general cover; and the lower bed of salt is above thirty-five yards thick, but has nowhere been perforated. Whether any other beds lie below these two is at present unknown. They lie hor zontal, or nearly so, and both are below the level of the sea; they extended into an irregularly oval area, in length a mile and a half, in breadth about 1,300 yards, ranging from north-east to south-west.

THE CABUL DISASTER.—The committee appointed to collect subscriptions for relieving the surviving sufferers of those who were slaughtered in Affghanistan is now dissolved, and the following is a statement of the fund subscribed;—Amount of subscriptions advertised and received, 4,832l. 10s. 3d. Disposed of as following:—Amount paid into the hon. Company's treasury and remitted to India, 4,124l. 6s. 4d.; amount paid Mr. Kershaw as per instruction from Kurnaul committee, 100l.; cost of advertisements, 445l.; clerks, 60l.; stationery, servants, messengers, postage, &c., 103l. 3s. 11d.

IRISH CENSUS FOR 1841: POPULATION OF IRELAND.

	Males.	Females.
Leinster.....	963,747	1,009,984
Munster.....	1,186,190	1,209,971
Connaught.....	707,884	711,072
Ulster.....	1,161,846	1,224,579
	4,019,667	4,155,606
Total population.....	8,175,173	
In 1821, the population was.....	6,801,827	
In 1831, it was.....	7,767,401	
In 1841, it was.....	8,175,273	

Increase between 1821 and 1831.....	965,574
Increase between 1831 and 1841.....	407,872

HORRID TROPHIES OF WAR.—In the *Toulonnais* we see it stated, from Constantinople, that one of the chiefs in amity with France, and who bears the name of the Serpent of the Desert, had sent to the Commandant of the Province a standard, and fifty pair of ears, taken by him in a combat with the troops of Abd-el Kader. This of itself is uncivilized enough; but we are told in addition, that these horrid trophies, many of which were, probably, cut from living men, were exposed by the French General on one of the gates of Constantinople. We must take the liberty of doubting this portion of the statement of the *Toulonnais*, for we cannot believe that a French General would be guilty of so disgusting an act.

EXTENSIVE EMIGRATION FROM GERMANY.—Accounts from Germany allude to the extensive emigration going on from that country. A body of 700 or 800 persons had determined upon proceeding to the United States from one district in Upper Hesse, and the first division left at the end of last March, to embark at Bremen, on their way to New York. The second body was to leave soon after easter, but the last not until the autumn. In the autumn of 1842 agents were sent out by these to prepare the way for them, and there, it appears bought 7,000 or 8,000 acres all in one block, situated near the town of Buffalo the purchase price being 10 dollars per acre on the average. This is about ten times the sum that would have been paid for wild lands, but, being already under cultivation, will be far more suitable to the new settlers. From Mayence it stated that several German princes and noblemen had entered into arrangements for subscribing some hundred thousand dollars to by land in Texas, intending to promote the emigration of their poorer subjects and tenants.

TRIAL OF A LADY OF FORTUNE.—At the Westminster general sessions on Wednesday, Mary Rees, who is described in the newspapers as "a lady of fortune" and related to some of the first families in Wales, was indicted for feloniously stealing, on the 20th of April last, a pair of white silk stockings, value 8s., the property of Nathaniel Hill, hosier, of Regent Street. The prisoner was dressed in mourning and wore a handsome black veil so that her features might not be recognised. The facts of the case, as detailed in evi-

dence, were these:—The prisoner entered the shop in Regent-street, and asked to see some silk stockings, but in consequence of certain suspicions entertained by the shopman who served her, he was induced to watch her movements very closely. As the prisoner was about to leave the shop, the young man went up to her, and said "Madame, shall I wrap the stocking up in paper that you have just stolen?" The prisoner denied having stolen the stockings, and said that if she had them she must have taken them up by mistake with her pocket-handkerchief from the counter, adding that she came to purchase, and not to steal. The stockings were, however, found under her shawl. Mr. Hill was inclined to think it was a mistake, but on the shopman insisting that he saw her take the stockings from off the counter and conceal them, a policeman was sent for, and the prisoner was given into custody. On being searched, a considerable sum of money was found on her person, and a handsome gold watch, as well as a pair of new boots. The evidence entirely rested on the testimony of the shopman, who was the only witness examined for the prosecution, with the exception of the policeman. The shopman (J. Clarke) underwent a rigid cross-examination by Mr. Chambers, when his evidence was materially shaken.—The prisoner's counsel contended that the affair was the result of "accident." Mr. Evan Davies, a director of the Glamorganshire Banking Company, who was called to speak to her character, stated, that the prisoner's name was not Rees, and hoped that the court would not press for her real name. The prisoner possessed an independent fortune, left by her mother. Another gentleman, a magistrate of Cardiff, described the prisoner as being extremely charitable, and of a religious turn of mind. The jury after an hour's consultation in court, retired and after being absent two hours, they came into court announcing they were unable to agree, and asked the Chairman if there was not some little discrepancy in the evidence and cross-examination. At a quarter past six o'clock the Chairman again sent for the jury, and asked them if they were likely to agree. The jury replied there was not the slightest probability. The chairman would wait five minutes, when if they could not agree, the jury must be locked up for the night. In two minutes after this announcement, the jury returned a verdict of Not Guilty.

SANDWICH ISLANDS.

From the New England Puritan.

We have learned some additional particulars of the outrage at the Sandwich Islands, through Mr. James D. Marshall, formerly of Charlestown, and now a merchant at Honolulu. Mr. Marshall is the bearer of despatches from the King of the Sandwich Islands to Her Britannic Majesty's Government. He left the Islands, in a yacht belonging to the King, on the 11th of March, a few days after the British had taken possession of them, reached Mazatlan in Mexico in 29 days, crossed over land to Vera Cruz in 14 days reached New Orleans on the 22d of May, and Boston on Friday morning last, with the intention of taking the Caledonia for Liverpool, but she had unfortunately for his despatch, sailed from this port a few hours previous to his arrival. Mr. Marshall carries to the British Government the *Protest* of the King of the Sandwich Islands against the usurpation of Lord George Paulet. Mr. Marshall believes that Lord Paulet acted in that case without instructions from his Government, though under discretionary orders from Admiral Thomas, Commander of her Britannic Majesty's naval forces in the Pacific. Lord Paulet has taken possession of the house owned by Haalileo, one of the Commissioners to England to obtain a recognition of the Independence of the Islands, and the whole nation is in a state of the greatest excitement and despondency.

The origin of this movement of Lord Paulet was this. Mr. Charlton, the British Consul for the Islands, in consequence, as is alleged, of improper conduct, found the public indignation against him to be so strong, that, on the 27th of September last, he took his departure for England in a clandestine and very unconsular manner, having engaged his passage in the name of another person and left heavy debts behind him uncanceled, which had been pronounced to be just debts by a regularly empanelled jury. Mr. Simpson, a particular friend of Charlton had through whose connivance Charlton had eloped, and then proclaimed himself the Acting Consul. The Government refused to acknowledge him in that capacity, on account of his well known and often expressed hostility to the civil authorities, and on the account of his refusal to abide the verdict of a jury and to obey the laws of the land. Mr. Charlton, on reaching Mazatlan, told his own story to Lord Paulet, who repaired immediately to the Sandwich Islands, and, refusing to listen to any one but Simpson, committed the outrages which is calling forth from every quarter the loud protestations of abused humanity.

A memorial has received many signatures at Boston, submitting to the President of the United States the expediency and propriety of a decided remonstrance, on the part of the United States Government, against a measure so injurious to the commercial and mercantile interests of American citizens, as the permanent occupancy of the Sandwich Island group by Great Britain.

The following edicts issued by the British Commissioners are copied from the Boston Mercantile Journal of Friday.

Office of the British Commission for the Government of the Sandwich Island, Honolulu, 28th Feb., 1843.

Public notice is hereby given that an additional duty of one per cent. ad valorem, will be payable on all goods landed from vessels arriving at these islands after this date, with the exception of goods sworn to be landed for re-exportation. By order of the commissioners,

(Signed) ALEX. SIMPSON, } Joint
H. SEA, } Secretaries.

Office of the British Commission, &c., March 3, 1843.

Public notice is hereby given that Mr. Jules Dudoit, consul of France to the late Government, having intimated to the commission that he declines to lay before it his authority for acting as representative of France in these Islands, the commission will not recognize him from this date in that capacity. By order of the commissioners.

(Signed) ALEX. SIMPSON, } Joint
H. SEA, } Secretaries.

Office of the British Commission, &c., March 1st, 1843.

Public notice is hereby given that all British subjects, and the subjects or citizens of other countries (other than the natives of the Archipelago), having any claim for land in the Sandwich Islands, whether by lease, written document, or in virtue of occupancy, are required to send in such claims to the commissioners on or before the first of June next, failing which, no claims will be hereafter held valid (unless the holders of these claims shall be absent from those islands during the intervening space.) The commissioners will not enter upon the validity of these claims at present, but will cause all the deeds and claims as presented to be registered for future decision. By order of the commissioners.

(Signed) ALEX. SIMPSON, } Joint
H. SEA, } Secretaries.

Office of the British Commission, &c., March 4th, 1843.

Public notice is hereby given that the commissioners intending to grant licences to a limited number of houses in this town and neighbourhood, for the sale of spirituous liquors, from and after the first of April for each of which licences one hundred and fifty dollars will be charged,—are ready to receive written applications at their office on or before the 15th inst. from those who are desirous of being so licensed. By order of the commissioners.

(Signed) ALEX. SIMPSON, } Joint
H. SEA, } Secretaries.

The following, however, seems to cap the climax. The poor king is indeed deprived of his power by these foreigners—and his opinions are to be disregarded, unless he speaks with "the sanction of Lord Paulet," or by the authority of the British commission.

Office of the British Commission, &c., March 3d, 1843.

It is hereby publicly intimated that the publication and distribution of a speech stated to have been made by Kamehameha on the 25th of February, in a paper entitled "Official correspondence relating to the late provisional cession of the Sandwich Islands"—was entirely without the authority of the Right Honourable Lord George Paulet, or the commission appointed by him; that speech was delivered without the sanction of Lord George Paulet, and formed no part of, or had no connection with, the arrangements by which the sovereignty of these islands was provisionally ceded to Great Britain. By order of the commissioners.

(Signed) ALEX. SIMPSON, } Joint
H. SEA, } Secretaries.

LATER FROM GAUDALOUPE.—We learn from Capt. Moore, of the *Schr Tasso*, arrived at this port yesterday from Gaudaloupe, that previous to his departure from Point Petre, shocks of earthquakes were almost daily felt, without, however, doing much damage.

The Government were actively employed in clearing the city of the devastation occasioned by the late severe earthquake, and were tearing down the barracks, custom house, and other public buildings, which would be replaced with wooden buildings. The bodies of those who were destroyed by the earthquake, on the 8th. Feb. last, with the exception of those claimed by their relatives, are burned in the streets of the city as they are discovered, by order of the authorities.

MORGAN AND MOORE.—A public meeting in support of these two functionaries had been held in Galveston, and resolutions in their favour, and against Houston's treatment of them, and in reprobation of the President's correspondence with Santa Anna, and in favour of war to the handle with the Mexicans, and of acting independent of Houston, were passed.

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THE ANGLO AMERICAN.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 17, 1843.

The city of New York has been radiant with splendour, and all-stirring with processions, visits, gaieties, and addresses, this week, in consequence of the arrival of his Excellency the President of the United States on his way to assist at the anniversary celebration at Bunker's Hill. The President arrived about 4 o'clock on Monday afternoon; he landed at the Battery, where he was met by his honour the Mayor, and a deputation from the city of New York, together with an immense military cortege, several civil companies, and a numerous assemblage of gentlemen in carriages and on horseback. After the customary salutations and compliments, the procession, with his Excellency and suite, proceeded on the usual routes by way of Chatham street, Bowery, Union Square, and down Broadway to the City Hall, where as late as eight o'clock, the military were reviewed. The public formalities were not concluded before nine o'clock, when the President, his suite, and the city entertainers, retired to the Howard hotel, where accommodations had been provided, and all partook of a hearty dinner, which was probably much needed after such protracted fatigue. After that, late as it was, they proceeded to the Park and the Chatham theatres, where the President was received with much enthusiasm.

On Tuesday visits were paid on board the U. S. Ships Independence and North Carolina, the Navy Yard at Brooklyn was inspected, and the President took refreshment with Capt. Sands there; and in the evening the Bowery Theatre and Niblo's Garden were visited. On Wednesday the President went to see the Croton water-works and to inspect the prison at Blackwell's Island, and in the evening he proceeded on his way to Boston.

The Bunker Hill celebration, which takes place to-day is not a matter of an ordinary nature; the monument which has long been in course of erection at that memorable spot, is to be solemnly completed, and the anniversary of the day which was the beginning of American Independence, will witness a magnificent and conspicuous testimonial of that eventful juncture. In considering this work, its cause, and the spirit in which it has been carried through, we set aside all prejudices, and memories of the times, when the act which gave rise to it took place. We look upon it only as a solemn national memorial of an event which must ever stand high in American annals, springing from love of independence and political freedom, and in grateful remembrance of the patriot hands which first were held out in furtherance of the general desire. We are not expected to feel as they feel who this day assist in the celebration, but we are not so doggedly selfish, as to be indifferent to the acclamations of a great nation, whose rejoicing springs from the holiest of sources—*Love of Country!*

The burning words of Scott occur to us here, but they burn in every heart that is well-principled. We rejoice then with those who rejoice, and we reverence the solemnities of a people on occasions in which the honour of their

country is concerned. We only trust that, in the orations of the day, healing expressions will be selected and aggravating ones carefully avoided.

The "Repeal" question seems to be a favourite one just now among many in this city; and the promoters, or at least well-wishers of that proposed measure turned out in large numbers on Monday to meet the President of the United States. They were easily distinguished by the green badges at the button-hole of their coats, and by the rosettes on the whips of such as were riding either on horseback or in wagons. This last was an injudicious measure, for it was, as far as the parties could make it so, like an attempt to mix up the Chief Magistrate of the United States with their private views and desires, and like a desire to inculcate him and the United States themselves, in interference with the internal government of another country. In fact, without relation to the policy which they would advocate, we think that the Marshal of the day ought not to have permitted them to form a part of the procession. All citizens, *as such*, have an undoubted right to assist at such a solemnity; all denizens and strangers, deporting themselves with propriety, have an undoubted right to witness it; all recognised societies and associations have a right to be placed in the procession upon their signifying, in due time, their desire to be so. But who were these? Respectable men unquestionably, individually considered, but having no right whatever, nor even the shadow of propriety, *as a body*, to form part and parcel of a procession in honour of the President of the United States.

We are far from intending to impugn the motives of those who are here so warmly in favour of Repeal for Ireland; they may, and doubtless do, spring from conscientious feelings, and we trust they will allow the same liberty of conscience to ourselves while we take an opposite view of the matter. We much fear that, supposing the measure to be carried, the early efforts of the distinct parliaments would place the two countries in positive hostility, a dismemberment would inevitably take place, and then *indeed* war and bloodshed would be the consequence, to a degree that few have hitherto contemplated. In the present political divisions of the world, in which small independent—that is *really* independent—governments are unknown, the Archipelago forming the British home empire is evidently best *united*. Best for all, best for each, and the disruption, particularly of a large island like Ireland, cannot take place without throwing the prosperity of all in jeopardy. But we do not anticipate such a result; we hope and think that those who are at present so eager for change will yet pause and "consider the end," before they urge the matter to an extreme.

Whilst we wait for farther intelligence on this head we shall occupy ourselves a few moments by examining an article on the subject written by a contemporary who recently informed the world that he was rather "particular" with regard to editorial writings. A weak argument is generally considered to be an advantage given to an antagonist; now as our "particular" contemporary ranges himself on this occasion under the same banner as we do, we must endeavour, as the saying is, "to save ourselves from our friends." He tells us with a *Hibernian* frankness, which rather startled our notions of grammar, that the *Heptarchy* would be restored (by the dismemberment of England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales, which forms his hypothesis) not indeed by seven but by four distinct kingdoms, which would arise out of the separation. A *Heptarchy* of four passes our understanding; but if our notions of political change be correct, we should suppose it to be infinitely more likely that four republics would be formed, which would enter into a confederation, but which would terminate at last in a monarchy as before, after the people should have passed through the crucible of distress and misery, and should have proved by bitter experience the consequences of division among themselves.

Another argument of our "particular" contemporary is found in the shape of a question to the following effect. (We write from recollection, and have not the precise words of the article on which we comment). "In the event of such a supposed general dismemberment would the several subdivisions pay their proportions of the National debt—and would it ever be paid?" Now, what on earth has this to do with the matter of either repeal or dismemberment? Does he, or does any other visionary, dream so profoundly that the National debt of England either will, can, or need be entirely paid, by those portions of the British empire, jointly or separately? No, on the stability of the kingdom, founded on its union, the *interest* of the national debt will be punctually and honourably paid as heretofore, and small portions from time to time may be redeemed; but in the supposed case of dismemberment, each would endeavour to get quit of responsibility, principal and interest would both be lost, and the whole country as now composed would be dishonoured, ruined, *subjugated by continental power*, and would lose its name among nations. But the idea is too absurd to be dwelt on even hypothetically.

But the next paragraph of our "particular" contemporary requires more serious consideration, for, to our understanding at least, it discloses principles and conclusions to which we can by no means give our approval, nor do we think they will be approved by thinking men generally. After a sentence about a whole and its parts, which we cannot understand, he remarks that Russia has Poland, France has Algiers, &c., as internal vexations to the government, in like manner that the British Government has Ireland for its plague. Is this candid, is either of these a fair parallel case? No two of them are parallels to each other. Grant it, if you please, that both Ireland and Poland are conquests. The former, by the invitation of her quarrelsome kings, brought that fate on herself, which the experience of all ages proves to be a necessary consequence; the latter was overrun by a powerful and rapacious neighbour, at a crisis when she could neither help herself nor had one to stretch out a hand in her defence; she was subjugated, made a province, and lost her very name. The former was annexed to the English crown seven hundred years ago, since which she

has been considered, and considered herself, an integral part of the empire; the latter is only within a very few years settled in her new and *humble* position. The former has numerous representatives and hereditary legislators in the Parliament of a constitutional kingdom; the latter is a newly conquered province on the outskirts of an absolute monarchy. After seven hundred years the former is said to repel her ancient neighbour; in less than a thirtieth part of that time the latter has become perfectly tranquil, apparently happy, and the world without have ceased to tell her that she ought to be otherwise. So much for Poland as a parallel; what shall we say of Algiers?

The attempt of France upon Algiers! A scheme of sheer ambition and presumption; an attempt to colonize by force; to seize, without a pretext, a large tract of country already under a recognised government, possessing a line of sea-board which would help materially to give France a largely increased influence in the Mediterranean. A notable reason for war, in these times! But the conquest is not even completed: the French are present masters of the sea-board, but the natives are still in arms; they are not yet subdued, they have not lost their national designation, Abd-el-Kader is still in the field, and whilst he is there France must not reckon too surely on Algiers as one of her colonies. But were it even a colony of France, it could not be made a parallel to Ireland, politically speaking. The two countries would not even then be in similar positions. Ireland is an integral part of the United Kingdom; but as for Algiers, it would be as difficult to amalgamate her with France, as to shew a mysterious union of the writings of Cornelius Mathews and those of the celebrated Mr. Audubon; though even this our "particular" contemporary obscurely brings into one paragraph.

There is yet another argument used by our "particular" contemporary; which, though extremely clumsy, we think we understand. He says, "What would be thought if public meetings were called at Exeter Hall, in London, for the express object of exciting the negroes of the South to insurrection? What would be thought if *ex-Governors* and *President's sons* attended such meetings?" In the name of all that is absurd where are these "Ex-Governors and President's sons" to come from to a London meeting on American affairs. We suspect our contemporary is either abating of his *particularity*, or else, if he is now shining by his own light, the illumination is not remarkably brilliant.

The result of all these considerations, with respect to our "particular" contemporary, is, that "our confidence in his judgment does not willingly extend" to the length of leaving his arguments to work their own way without an emendation and a correction of his errors.

In short, Ireland has ten thousand ties to bind her with England, which cannot be predicated of the other nations above named, towards the governments under which they are. The Imperial legislature has been much and earnestly engaged in her behalf, and we yet believe that an *United* Parliament will achieve her tranquillity and happiness.

INDIA.—SCINDE AND LORD ELLENBOROUGH.

Upon an attentive observation of the conduct of Lord Ellenborough, in his capacity of Governor-General of India, one is constrained to remark that his lordship possesses many great qualities and expansive ideas, mixed up with others that are somewhat anomalous thereto, and one or two that are far from estimable. We shall speak of the latter in the first place, and reserve to ourselves the more pleasurable duty for the close of our remarks. In the first place, that immoderate share of personal vanity which is by all ascribed to him, and that love of pomp, parade, costume, and attitudinizing, must have a tendency to render him somewhat contemptible in the eyes of the veterans and public officers who know these things to be the peculiar follies of the semi-barbarous Indian princes, and who know that even the native princes, whilst practising these follies themselves, are much more struck with the majestic simplicity of the Anglo-Indian ruler, whose modes they know not how to follow. Secondly, whilst we cannot but admire both the grandeur and the sagacity of his views with regard to India, we cannot but deplore the manner in which he schemes for the attainment of his ends. Thirdly, we deprecate a mode of action which we fear must be attributed, in some degree, to Lord Ellenborough, of endeavouring to enhance his own merits by depreciating and checking the plans of his predecessor. It may be great presumption in us to differ in opinion from so distinguished, so experienced, and so honest a statesman as the Duke of Wellington, but we would rather be despised for our ignorance than scorned for insincerity, and, in honest truth, we demur to the thanks of Parliament voted to Lord Ellenborough at the termination of the Afghan war.

The annexation of Scinde to British India is, in the abstract, an important and advisable measure, geographically speaking; and the opening of the Indus for trade up to the very Hindoo Koosh is an equally admirable project, commercially considered. The former renders the geography—and say, also, the defence—of British India compact, complete, and consolidated; the latter gives such an impulse to the commerce of India, developing so many new capabilities, enhancing so greatly the value of the western and north-western portions, opening so many new currents of trade even beyond the precincts of Hindostan itself, and clearing the way for the march of civilization, that we would fain forget—but cannot—the paltry shift to which Lord Ellenborough descended in order to carry these great points. He hardly *expected* that the Ameers would sign the humiliating treaty proposed to them; he *was sure* that they would not stand to it. He therefore may be said to have expected revolt, and determined to avail himself of the act as a pretext for seizing the country.

It is too true and too manifest that whatever is obtained by the sword must long be maintained by the sword. It can only be through the convictions that resistance is vain, and that the condition of the subdued people is permanently improved, that a more peaceful rule is gradually introduced. These remarks apply peculiarly to India, where but one hundred years ago a small British

factory was struggling for bare existence; where the French settlers would have crushed it effectually, where it had to fight, under great disadvantages, for its own protection, and where the prejudices of the native princes were insidiously enlisted against it. The progress of British arms in India has been forced upon them by circumstances; for after the first signal success they had not a choice save that of going forward or being driven out of India altogether. Time, however, proved that of all the settlers in India, whether Portuguese, Dutch, French, or English, the last only made the natives their friends, all the others made of them but a prey. This, however, is the result of arms as well as of political wisdom. A hundred years is not enough to allay entirely the warlike propensities of a large and populous nation; they could frequently have been willing to "cry Havock!" and let slip the dogs of war, had they not been conscious of the superior prowess that withheld them. But the consummation of the British Policy in India, the extent within which it will confine itself, the benevolent objects which it has effected, and those which it has in view, are all well known to all who do not wilfully shut their eyes and close their understandings on the subject. We again regret that this last stroke of policy is questionable in a moral point of view, but we cannot be blind to its importance and utility to the whole world.

In the midst of his lordship's care with regard to the limits of British India, we are glad to perceive that he has a wise regard to the advantages of its interior. He has given orders for the completion of a canal in the Douaib, which will be of the greatest utility; he is encouraging the growth of cotton, he is authorising the loan, by government, of small sums sufficient to enable officers to build houses for themselves at their several stations. This last is an excellent resolution, for the loans are uttered at low rates of interest, and the repayments are made easy; without this liberality the officers would have to apply to the native merchants, who, besides being inexorable creditors, demand an annual interest of nearly one fourth of the principal. Though last, not least of his lordship's useful projects, he purposes making an entire reform in the Police of British India. This is much wanted, as that which has hitherto existed has been the most venal, hollow, and vexatious which could be well imagined. The new police is to be much of a military character and will have its responsibilities; but the details are not yet made public.

On the whole, therefore, though there is much to censure in the public conduct of Lord Ellenborough, yet there is also much to approve and to admire in him. The bump of conscientiousness is not over-perceptible, and that of vanity is large enough to destroy the symmetry of the cranium, but, otherwise, the head is well enough, and India will profit by the cogitations within it.

By the kindness of the Messrs. Harpers we are again enabled to illustrate our opinion of Mr. Alison's invaluable History of Europe by another extract. In doing this, it may be well to apprise our readers that we do not in the slightest degree violate our pledge, not to interfere with works which are copyright in other countries. We have already expressed our opinion that the author of this book, from the learning and labour which are manifested in it, has linked himself with Thucydides, and Polybius, in ancient times, and is equal, if not superior, to any modern historian of particular periods. Our former extract of the "Fall of Saragossa" was no insignificant proof of the vigour and feeling with which he can describe a moving incident, and that which we give to-day is, we think, confirmatory of the fact. But besides the exculpation already offered, we have another, which reflects the highest credit on the learned author himself, and which proves that his laudable desire to communicate useful information surpasses that of private emolument or any sordid motive whatever. The re-print, by the Harpers, is not only with his knowledge but with his expressed approbation and desire; and he wishes for a copy of it from their press as early as it can be completed.

The Drama.

PARK THEATRE.—Those really clever actors, Mr. and Mrs. Brougham, terminated their engagement at this theatre on Wednesday evening.

On Monday evening last this house had a most brilliant display, in consequence of the visit of the President of the United States, his suite, and the city authorities. The house was completely filled, and the audience testified their respect to the Chief Magistrate in an enthusiastic manner. The play on that evening was "Alma Mater, or Life at College," but the distinguished visitors arrived too late to see any part of it. They staid a considerable time, however, to witness the exquisite acting of Mr. Placide as Grandfather Whitehead—the best character in all his rôle, unless it be that of the old curate Perrin in "Secret Service." The Broughams purposed a novelty for their benefit, which would have proved attractive; consisting, first of "A Lady and Gentleman in a peculiarly perplexing predicament," the principal characters by themselves; secondly, of an Interlude never before performed here, called "Shakspeare's Dream," and consisting of tableaux from the principal plays of the great bard, such as "Hamlet," "As you like it," "Romeo and Juliet," "Merchant of Venice," "Tempest," "Richard III.," and ending with a general tableaux called "Homage to Shakspeare." In this there was much taste, and the effects would have been exceedingly happy; but, unfortunately, Mr. Brougham was taken seriously ill, and this promising performance was necessarily postponed.

BOWERY THEATRE.—Nothing can surpass the success of Mrs. Shaw in the eyes of the discerning. There is a deep pathos and an intense expression in all the more animated portions of her acting which shows discernment in her reading, and skill in her manner of eliciting the spirit of her characters. Her *Eradne* is transcendently fine, and her Mrs. Haller—albeit we like not the play—is a most moving performance. The President, his suite, &c., visited this theatre on Tuesday evening, and seemed so greatly satisfied that they remained a very considerable time, although they had promised to honour Niblo's Garden

with a visit on that same evening. The distinguished visitors accepted of refreshments offered by the manager before they departed.

NIBLO'S GARDEN.—We speak of the *Theatre Francais* in another place, and confine ourselves here to the English vaudevilles, the Fireworks, the Promenade, and the Refreshments. Of these every thing is upon the most liberal scale, beautiful, attractive, and satisfactory to the visitors. Here, also, the President, and those who accompanied him, paid a visit, on Tuesday evening, and here more particularly were the honours to the Chief Magistrate most brilliantly and magnificently tendered. He was received at his entrance by the city guards, was escorted by them and the proprietor through the Saloon, with national music played; he was then conducted into the balcony where he saw a grand display of fireworks by the celebrated Mr. Edge, the exhibition of which was concluded by a splendid piece, with the President's name in many coloured fires. On his entrance into the Vaudeville theatre, the band played "Hail Columbia," and three times three cheers for the President were given by the whole audience. The distinguished visitors witnessed the greater part of "A Thumping Legacy," and then departed, under a repetition of cheers.

To-morrow (Friday) the "Postillon de Lonjumeau" will be performed; this is a well-known and popular opera by Adolphe Adam; we shall speak of the performance next week. On Saturday (the present) evening the charming vaudeville of "Le Vicomte de Letorieres" will be performed; and on Monday evening we may expect "L'Eclair," a delightful opera by Halery; it is in three acts, and is performed by four persons only, but these four fill the scene so well, and know so well how to sing their solos, duos, trios, and quatuors, that the attention of the audience is continually sustained and agreeably surprised. In the singing lesson of the second act, *Mlle. Calvé* is charming, and will doubtless receive honours. The bills announce that she will make her last appearance in "L'Eclair," but we hope Mr. Niblo will be able to retain her among us during another engagement.

It is expected that *Madame Castellani* will shortly make her appearance here. Her success in Havana and in New Orleans has been immense. More of this in our next.

"THEATRE FRANCAIS" AT NIBLO'S.

THURSDAY, 15th June.

Our predictions have been completely realised. "Le Domino Noir" is what the Italians would call the *furor* of the season, and each representation has added to its reputation and its success. This is in a great measure owing to the style of composition for which *Auber* is remarkable; it being light, delicious, and sparkling, adapted for the entertainments of summer evenings; and to the orchestral performances, which are of unexceptionable quality; in fact, there seems to be an honourable emulation between the vocalists and the instrumentalists, in zeal, talent, and attraction. *Mlle. Calvé*, whose health was seriously affected by the fatigues of the sea-voyage from New Orleans, has happily quite recovered. On Monday and last night her singing was delightful, and produced most powerful sensations; her voice had increased force and brilliancy, whilst preserving that softness and flexibility which renders it so agreeable. The part of *Angele* is undoubtedly the very best in the rôle of *Mlle. Calvé*. We have perceived with pleasure that during the last two representations of this opera the couplets in the third act, to which we formerly alluded, have been restored by *Mme. Lecourt*; we felt certain that in making our objection through our friend of the "Courrier des Etats Unis," our observation would produce the desired effect. We are equally glad that *M. Richer* has profited by our remark, and that subsequently the entire opera, as performed, has been all that could be wished. We perceived by the bills, however, yesterday, that "Le Domino Noir" was to be performed for the last time; we should regret this were it not for the reflection that the stay of this excellent company will be but short, and that they have yet many works in reserve.

Notwithstanding our decided predilection for opera, we cannot allow ourselves to pass in silence the representation on Saturday evening last, given for the benefit of that excellent and favourite actor *M. Lecourt*. We regret the choice which he made for the occasion; "Robert Macaire" is a drama of a bad school, filled with vulgar language and low scenes; it is of the vagabond class, which tends to undermine the moral sentiments, and should be denounced with "Jack Sheppard," "Tom and Jerry," and others of English growth. There was good taste enough, however, to suppress the prologue, which would probably have scandalized the public. Notwithstanding our objection to the piece itself, we must say that *M. Lecourt* was excellent in the part of *Robert Macaire*, and that *Dessenville* and *Mme. Richer* acted charmingly their business of that evening.

We have already had occasion to observe that light vaudevilles like "Le Vicomte de Letorieres," "Renaudin de Caen," "La Maitresse de langues," "Passé Minuit," &c., are the only pieces which will succeed, besides the opera nights. Mr. Niblo, who is a man of tact and taste, understands this fact, and therefore the heavier French drama will not be played here.

Concerts.

MR. WALLACE'S SECOND AND LAST CONCERT.—The expectations which were so generally excited by the report of the first concert given by this extraordinary artist, were fully realised at his second, which was given at the Apollo Room on Tuesday evening last. The room was crowded to excess, and numbers could not obtain admission at all. Mr. Wallace may be said to have excelled himself on this occasion; certain it is that his merits were better understood, and, besides, he was not in the critical situation of appearing for the first time before his audience. We would willingly dwell more at length upon his performances, both upon the Piano and the Violin, and express our admiration in detail of his compositions; but our space is limited, and we have

recollected an omission in our report of his former concert, which we are anxious now to supply. Suffice it, therefore, that he gave the most unqualified satisfaction, and received his meed of the most unbounded applause. We have called this his *last* concert, in conformity with his own announcement, but we think he will be induced to give one more.

Mrs. Sutton sang delightfully, as did also Mrs. Horn and Mme. Maroncelli. The whole concert in fact was a gem.

MRS. SUTTON AND MR. J. A. KYLE.—In the warmth of our first impressions upon hearing the brilliant performance of Mr. Wallace at his first concert, we sat down to pen our remarks, and our ideas were so engrossed by the instrumentation of the stranger, that we entirely overlooked the merits of those with whose excellent qualities we are familiar. We have recollected the omission and hasten to atone for it by rendering justice to the two excellent artists whose names head this article.

On former occasions we have expressed regret that, with such a superior vocal organ as Mrs. Sutton undoubtedly possessed, her musical education should have been cut short before it was fully completed. That it was not completed we were aware, but few could know how well she was grounded in the principles of the vocal science, or that she could go on *improving herself* without the aid of a master, overcoming difficulties and accomplishing passages enough to startle musicians under the most favourable circumstances, and giving a grace to them which was never imparted by the aid of any on this continent. Yet such is the fact. Her Italian pronunciation is somewhat faulty, but we feel much inclined to add that her vocalism is *faultless*. Her tones are full, ringing and bell-like, true, liquid, and elastic. She is never out of tune, nor does she seem ever to be fatigued. Her singing on the occasion to which we allude was in every instance most rapturously applauded, and indeed it is manifest that upon every occasion during the last year or year and a half she has continually sung better and better.

Of Mr. Kyle's execution upon the flute much may be said in a few words. The rapidity of his execution is never injured by the incoherency of his passages; all is clear, well-defined, and perfectly understood; we know not any artist in this city who, to our judgment at least, gives so truly the genuine tone and quality of the instrument as Mr. J. A. Kyle on the flute, nor one who makes more judicious selections for performance. Though last, not least, in our remarks, it should be added that whilst the audience are delighted with his performances, they are not less charmed with his modest and gentlemanly deportment.

Literary Notices.

EWBANK'S "HYDRAULICS AND MECHANICS."—New York, Appleton & Co. The title of this very remarkable book would convey the idea of abstruse subjects, scientifically handled, and yielding important information on useful and mechanical affairs. There are all these in it, in a much greater degree than we ever found in a volume of its size, before. But if we should stop here, we should convey a meagre and imperfect idea indeed of its qualities and its merits, and should convey no idea whatever of the painful research, the curious gathering together, and the perspicuous putting forth, which the author himself has evinced in this publication. On those parts of science, mechanics, and philosophy on which it touches, it is lucid and satisfactory; but as a mere work of anecdote, of curious incident, and of pleasant yet profitable gossip, it is also in the highest degree entertaining. For our own part after opening the book we shut it again with regret that other occupations should call us from it. The *special* subject of the work may be gathered from the heads of the five books into which it is divided; they are as follows:—1. Primitive and ancient devices for raising water; 2. Machines for raising water by the pressure of the Atmosphere; 3. Machines for raising water by compressure independently of Atmospheric influence; 4. Machines for raising water (chiefly of modern origin) including early applications of Steam for that purpose; 5. Novel devices for raising water, with an account of Siphons, Cocks, Valves, Clepsydre, &c. &c. In the course of his examination into these matters the author supplies abundant instances, quotes innumerable authorities, intersperses with lively anecdotes, and details curious circumstances. In short, to use the appropriate language of the "*London Mechanic's Magazine*," the work entitles the author "to take rank at once with the very best writers in this department of literature, whether ancient or modern. Quite as entertaining as Beckman, he exceeds him immeasurably in practical usefulness; and while aiming, like Ferguson, at a popular style, he brings to his aid a liveliness of fancy, depth of feeling, and eloquence of expression, to which Ferguson was a stranger. We have seldom seen a volume so absolutely *crammed* with useful information." This opinion is frankly and fully confirmed by the "*Athenæum*," the "*Surveyor, Engineer, and Architect's Journal*," the "*Literary Gazette*," and other scientific English publications; and as for the English press generally, the journals absolutely swarm with extracts of a curious and interesting nature. The American Press also has not been backward in bestowing the praise which is so justly due to this clever and entertaining work.

Right gladly would we extend this notice by extracting a few of the most striking facts, curious incidents, ingenious contrivances, and profound currents of thought, but the ground is dangerous, for we might be tempted to copy three-fourths, or even all, of the book. We must content ourselves, therefore,—at least for the present—by saying that even in the culinary utensils, such as the cauldron, and sauce-pans of the ancients, or in the first contrivances of bellows, all is attractive as well as useful; and when he goes on to *singular* contrivances, such as curious pumps, and animal adaptations in the nature of pumps; when he alludes to popular belief in the power of church bells over malignant spirits; when he remarks on "*Heron's fountain*," as being at once a beautiful toy, an ornament to the parlour in hot weather, and a scientific application;

when he enlarges in almost a sublime style on the probable future through the agency of steam; when he makes the beautiful but solemn reflections arising from the wonders of creation and the bounties of a Kind Providence; when he enters upon critical remarks upon the ancient drama, and proposes improvements and conveniences for modern towns; and lastly—for we must compel ourselves to come to a lastly—when he deviates into remarks on Eolipilic fire-blowers, Laban's Idols, Vulcan's trip hammer, and other uncommon matters for modern discussion, we are surprised and delighted with the versatility of his mind, and the information which he has brought together.

We could not refrain from inserting an extract on the mode of supplying water to the hanging Gardens of Babylon; it will be found in the literary columns of the *Anglo American*, and will be a fair specimen of the author's style. It is not improbable however, that we may return to the subject again.

BRAND'S ENCYCLOPÆDIA OF SCIENCE, LITERATURE, AND ART.—Part VII. New York. Harper & Brothers. This excellent and comprehensive work which ranks so deservedly high in England is proceeding towards its completion here, and each part contains a vast amount of valuable letter press and illustrations, at almost a nominal price. It will be concluded in twelve parts.

ALISON'S HISTORY OF EUROPE.—Part X. The tenth number of this interesting work, of which we have spoken elsewhere in this day's impression, was published yesterday by the Brothers Harper. It will be completed in six numbers more, making in all two handsome volumes, of which it is no mean praise to say that the mechanical and material parts are worthy of the text.

SOUTHEY'S LIFE OF NELSON, forms vol. VI. of the new and cheap edition of Harper's Family Library. We thought it was quite cheap enough before, but we are all ready to accept a boon when it falls in our way. The name of *Southey*, gives additional value to the work.

WILLIAMS' LIFE OF ALEXANDER THE GREAT, is the successor of the last, or vol. VII. of Harpers' Family Library, new edition, and is a valuable work for young students of ancient history.

FRÖISSART'S CHRONICLES.—Part II.—The proprietors of "*The New World*" are punctually keeping faith with the public, by issuing a part every fortnight of this captivating work. It is neat, cheap, and well illustrated from old and scarce English editions of the work.

GREAT MUSICAL ALBUM. By Eugene Prevost.—Few musical publications have produced so great and general a sensation, or are destined to be so successful among our *dilettanti* as this of M. Prevost. The author is not only the excellent conductor of an orchestra, whom every one so greatly applauds, at Niblo's; he is also an experienced and beautiful composer, author of "*Cosimo*," "*La Esmeralda*," and many oratorios and pieces of sacred music. As his Album possesses a real musical importance, we cannot content ourselves by merely announcing its publication, but shall add thereto a short analysis. The work consists of eight songs or melodies, of which the words are for the most part taken from the poetry of Victor Hugo. These melodies are chiefly distinguished by their originality, and by the harmonious richness of their accompaniments; in the last of which are apparent the talented master; they sustain the voice constantly, whether at the repetitions, or at passages of difficult intonation. In short, this Album is a work written with the greatest care, and which, even by this quality, yields some new pleasure every time that it is gone through. The following are, perhaps, the sweetest songs, viz., "*Pauvre petit*," and "*Puisqu'ici bas*," and amongst the melodies these, viz., "*Espoir en Dieu*," and "*Encore à toi*." Besides these songs, there are in the volume two grand waltzes, "*La Esmeralda*," and "*La Suisse*," which will be found agreeable by every pianist.

We learn that there are but a very limited number of copies of this Album for sale, we would therefore recommend to lovers of good music to procure copies as soon as possible. Messrs. Hoyer, Atwill, Dubois, and other proprietors of fashionable music stores, ought to be provided with them. The price of this beautiful publication is only \$3.

NOTICE.—Messrs. REDDING & Co., of No. 8 State Street, Boston, are appointed our sole agents in that city for receiving yearly subscribers. They will have a constant supply of the *Anglo American* for sale.

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THE Proprietors, having availed themselves of the experience of the past year, and conformed to the suggestions of many of their subscribers, beg leave now to present to them and the public in general the most complete arrangements for public and private bathing for ladies and gentlemen, Shower Baths upon an improved principle, and boys swimming baths, that ever were offered to general patronage. Having established a constant and thorough succession of sea water—all surface matter is completely excluded. The FRANKLIN BATH is now ready at its usual station, at the north side of the Castle Garden bridge. Books are open for season subscriptions, and the inspection of the citizens and travellers is solicited. June 10-41.

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May 27-3m.

BENEDICT SPINOZA.

Early in the seventeenth century, on a fair evening of summer, a little Jewish boy was playing, with his sisters, on the burgwal of Amsterdam, close to the Portuguese synagogue. His face was mild and ingenuous; his eyes were small, but bright, quick, and penetrative; and the dark hair floated in luxuriant curls over his neck and shoulders. Noticeable, perhaps, for nothing but his beauty and joyousness, the little boy played on, unmarked amongst the active citizens of that active town. The Dutch then occupied the thoughtful attention of all Europe. After having first conquered for themselves firm footing on this earth, by rescuing their country from the sea, they had thrown off the oppressive yoke of the then mighty Spain, and had now conquered for themselves a freedom from that far greater tyranny, the tyranny of thought. Amsterdam was noisy with the creaking of cordage, the bawling of sailors, and the busy trafficking of traders. The Zuyder Zee was crowded with vessels laden with precious stores from all quarters of the globe. The canals which ramify that city, like a great arterial system, were blocked up with boats and barges; the whole scene was vivid with the greatness and the littleness of commerce. Heedless of all this turmoil, as unheeded in it—heedless of all those higher mysteries of existence whose solution was hereafter to be the endeavour of his life—untouched by those strange questions which a restless spirit cannot answer, but which it refuses to have answered by others—heedless of every thing but his game, that little boy played merrily with his sisters. That boy was Benedict Spinoza! His parents were honest merchants of Amsterdam, who had settled there in company with a number of their brethren, on escaping the persecution to which all Jews were subject in Spain. The young Baruch was at first destined to commerce; but his passion for study, and the precocity of his intellect, made his parents alter their resolution in favour of a rabbinical education; a resolution warranted by his sickly constitution, which had increased his love of study. The sickly child is mostly thoughtful; he is thrown upon himself, and his own resources; he suffers, and asks himself the cause of his pains, and asks himself whether the world suffers like him; whether he is one with nature, and subject to the same laws, or whether he is apart from it, and regulated by distinct laws. From these he rises to the awful questions—Why? Whence? and Whither?

MISS AUSTEN.

Miss Jane Austen was the daughter of a Hampshire clergyman; her father was the rector of Steventon, in that county. She was born at the rectory-house in 1775, and received her education under her father, a man of talents and learning. Sir Egerton Brydges, who knew her as a girl, describes her as a very lovely woman, exceedingly fair, and with an elegant form and deportment; a cheerful temper, and with a voice of great sweetness. The taste of her father directed her to the best books, and corrected her early judgment by his own maturer understanding. He was careful to form her moral and religious opinions upon the best models; and, when the natural taste of youth led her to read the poets, he directed her particular attention to Cowper. One of her peculiar qualities as a writer is obviously a kind of quietude, and calm self-composure in the exercise of her pencil; a solicitous care not to overstep the truth and modesty of nature; and we think this delightful quality may be traced to her early admiration of this poet. There is, indeed, little passion or fervour, or any thing of a very ardent temperament in any of her writings; their unvarying qualities are good sense, exact truth, and an anxious and elaborate caution not to overdo or exaggerate any character which she undertook to paint. In a word, her characteristic excellence is that of delicacy and finish. Miss Austen lost her father when she was about 35; he left her a moderate independence, which enabled her to take a house in the village of Chawton, near Selborne, so well known as the residence of the Rev. G. White. Here she sent forth in quick succession her several beautiful novels; the first two of them, "Sense and Sensibility," and "Pride and Prejudice." It is not much to the credit of the London booksellers of that time, that they refused to purchase her "Sense and Sensibility;" she accordingly published it at her own expense, and reaped a clear profit of 150*l.* from the first edition. Her "Pride and Prejudice" became a still greater favourite with the public, and her copyrights now commanded a liberal price with the trade, so as to raise her to a condition of comparative affluence. "In *Pride and Prejudice*," says Mrs. Elwood, "she has so well sketched the family of the Bennets, that we feel acquainted, as it were, with each individual of the group. The careless and caustic father, and the silly and trifling mother, the amiable Jane, the animated and energetic Elizabeth, the pedantic Mary, Kitty with her cough, and the hoyden Lydia—each stand forth from the canvas with the force of life, and we are quite at home with all the little details of their *ménage*." This was followed by "Mansfield Park," and afterwards by the best of her novels, "Emma," and in 1818 by her "Persuasion." All these works are marked with the peculiar talents of Miss Austen; an exact observer of nature, and a delicate finish; a sly and pleasant wit, with the most perfect good taste. This exact copying of nature is entitled to so much more praise, as it chiefly consists in a most skilful and elaborate painting of that assemblage of minute traits, which, though singly escaping the observation of any one but a complete artist, constitutes, in their whole, the distinctive class and order of the character represented, and thus exhibit it to the mind with a fidelity more astonishing, as the skill of the artist becomes more visible than either the effort or the means pursued. The last of Miss Austen's was not published until a year after her death: this occurred in the summer of 1817.

Lives of Literary Ladies.

CURIOUS SCENE IN HYDE-PARK.

A good deal of amusement was afforded for some hours in Hyde-park on Wednesday afternoon, in consequence of the fruitless attempts of the police to dislodge a couple of men from their elevated situation in one of the trees, which they had climbed with the view of taking birds' nests. One of the A division first spied the trespassers, and finding his summons to descend was disregarded, he made his way up the tree to bring them down by force. One of the delinquents was a sweep, and as his experience in making his way up chimneys gave him great advantage over the constable, he continued for hours to elude all attempts to lay hold of him. The constable, however, at one time did succeed in catching hold of his leg. The sweep immediately pulled off his sooty cap and belaboured the policeman over the eyes and face till he was completely blinded and almost choked with soot. The constable was forced to let go, and to descend with his face as black as his antagonist's, amid the laughter of the mob. A reinforcement of police was sent for; six constables surrounded the tree and kept the crowd off. In this state of siege the defendants were kept from two o'clock in the afternoon until eleven at night, when one of them having surrendered at discretion, the capture of the other was effected, after considerable resistance.

A Gascon preacher stopped short in his pulpit; it was in vain that he scratched his head, nothing would come out. "My friends," said he, as he walked quietly down the pulpit stairs, "I pity you, for you have lost a fine discourse."

A DERIVATION OF "GENTLEMAN."—In the age of Valentinian, the converts to Christianity in the Western Empire consisted chiefly of the middle classes in the towns. The agricultural population still adhered to the traditions and superstitions of their ancestors with such tenacity, that the word "Pagans," which literally signifies the inhabitants of rural districts, became a generic name for all classes of idolaters. In the higher ranks, the Christians were chiefly found among the officers of state and the ministers of the Imperial court, who were for the most part unconnected with the patrician body, and owed their elevation either to their military services or to imperial favour. The old patrician families, who affected to trace their descent to the great aristocratic houses of the ancient republic—the "Gentiles," as they loved to call themselves—adhered to polytheism, which now alone afforded any external evidence of their hereditary rank, and hence "gentile-man," or "gentle-man," came to be used indifferently for a man of exalted birth or polished manners, and for one who rejected the truths of Christianity.

A NORMAN'S BAPTISM.—Louis-le-Débonnaire pursued a new course of policy; he proffered largesses and estates to those Pagans who should embrace Christianity; and, as religion generally sat lightly on the corsair, his zeal could soon boast of a great number of converts. An anecdote related by the Monk of St. Gall may serve to illustrate the value of these interested conversions. It was the custom of the time that adult candidates for baptism should present themselves at the font in white robes. On one occasion, so many Norman neophytes came together that a proper supply of robes could not be obtained, and it was necessary to make them of such coarse stuffs as came readiest to hand. One of these was presented to a Norman nobleman who offered himself for baptism; but he rejected it with indignation. "Keep," said he, "your sackcloth for cloths: this is the twentieth time that I have been baptised, and I never was insulted by being offered such rags before."

TASTE OF NAPOLEON AND LOUIS THE FOURTEENTH.—I do not like Napoleon's taste in the furniture and decorations of his palaces. It has a tawdry and upstart appearance, shows an affected imitation of the Roman, and has none of that genuine grace and natural or hereditary royal splendour of Louis the Fourteenth's style. Napoleon's is too full of the emblems of conquest; it speaks of newly-acquired power, and is oppressed with massive and tasteless gilding, which seems the outpouring of unexpected wealth.

It has perhaps more imposing magnificence, but does not inspire half such pleasant feelings, as the luxurious beauty of the old Bourbon style. In fact, the character of an age, or of the person who rules the taste of an age, is seen in nothing more plainly than in its effect on the arts.

The painted ceilings, &c., of Napoleon's time are full of battle-scenes; in all the decorations we see helmets and instruments of warfare, or tokens of conquest; and even the silken hangings of the walls are often supported by bayonets. The figures are harsh and stiff; showing, indeed, the youthful vigour of minds just emerged from that temporary barbarism which overspread France at the Revolution; whereas the decorations of the old Bourbons are full of pleasant images of repose. The graceful shepherdess and exquisitely-carved Cupids and Venuses are the result of many centuries of internal repose and civilization; perhaps, indeed, their effeminacy and voluptuousness show a state of over-civilization, and consequent decadence.

Lady Chatterton.

NICKETY AT THE GALLOWES.—There existed some curious old customs in Abbeville: a man condemned to be hung, might be saved if a woman offered, of her own accord, to marry him. This piece of good fortune happened to a robber at Hautvilliers in 1400; but the girl was lame, and he actually refused her, saying to the hangman, "Alle cloque, je n'en veux mie; attaqu' me!"—"She limps, I do not at all like her for a wife; tie me up!"

THE HOME OF THE HEART.

Where my heart finds a home, says the heartless Voltaire,
The abode of my choice, and my country is there!
Oh! fool! not to know, that wherever we roam,
The home of our youth, must be still the heart's home.

Sir Hans Sloane's baronetcy given by George the First, was the first title of hereditary honour granted to any medical gentleman in this country. The profession had since furnished its fair share of recruits to the baronetage. Between 1797 and 1837, that rank was, if we reckon apothecaries conferred on seventeen physicians and surgeons, one oculist, and two apothecaries.

Quarterly Review.

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In declining to trumpet the praises of THE ANGLO AMERICAN by a loud blast, there are, nevertheless, a few notes of introduction which justice to the intended Journal demands to be sounded. It is the earnest object of the Proprietors—and that object they will steadily and assiduously endeavour to carry out—to take a dignified stand in the world of Journalism; and, whatever defects they may unwittingly fall into in respect to the materials of THE ANGLO AMERICAN, these shall never consist of anything that would be inconsistent with good breeding and the established proprieties of social life. They will aim, in the literary portions of the Journal, to be lively without levity, solid without dullness, and to give a due proportion of each. In the general information respecting public matters they adopt the maxim of "Audi alteram partem"; and, although they may give their own views briefly and independently, on contested questions, they trust never to be found degenerating into violent partizanship.

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